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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK.—THE BURNING OF THE BROOKLYN THEATRE, DECEMBER 5TH.—SCENE FROM THE STAGE AT THE FIRST ALARM OF FIRE—THE ACTORS ENDEAVORING TO PREVENT A PANIC.—SEE PAGE 264.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 23, 1876.

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PROGRESS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL FIGHT.

THE great work of voting for President and Vice-President in all the Electoral Colleges was carried on very quietly on Wednesday, the 7th inst., and the result was just what we had supposed it would be. From the moment it was ascertained that Mr. Tilden had received 184 votes which could not be questioned nor set aside by any possible trickery or management, it became evident that the votes of Louisiana, South Carolina and Florida would be accorded to the Republican candidate. The friends of Governor Hayes had the power and the will, and they accomplished their object. All considerations of justice, of fairness and of legality were disregarded, and, in spite of the earnest endeavors of the eminent representatives of the Democratic Party who went to the capitals of the three States to see that the rights of the people were not trampled upon, the great wrong was perpetrated, and the voting for the candidates was consummated on the day appointed. A great many innocent people who did not believe in the possibility of such a revolutionary project being carried out were aghast at the enormity of the act when it was completed, while the Republican leaders, by whose management the infamy was perpetrated, jeeringly replied to all complaints by repeating the words of another bold, bad politician, who, in the height of his power, used to say, "What are you going to do about it?" What is going to be done about it is not now very clear; but it is clear enough that the people will not submit to it; and, even if the party that has committed the wrong should succeed by any means in placing their candidate in the White House, their doom will be sealed, and at the first opportunity that offers the ballot-box will reveal the indignant feeling that may be unable to find expression in any other manner. There has been talk of war, and of cutting throats; but no good can result either from violent words or violent acts. Fighting would not tend to any satisfactory settlement of a question of constitutional rights. There must be an unflinching determination to yield no inch of ground to the adversaries of the legal rights of the people; but there must be no mobs, nor bloodshed, for there is no need of anything of the sort. The whole difficulty can be settled, and must be settled, in Congress, and by an appeal to the Supreme Court. A new complication has been imported into the contest by the action of Governor Grover, of Oregon, who has refused certificates to the Republican electors, on the ground of the ineligibility of the Federal officeholder, Watts, who, like the Vermont postmaster, resigned his office just long enough to enable him to evade the law, and act in the capacity of an elector. But Governor Grover has felt himself justified in giving the certificate to the Democratic candidate, who, with the two electors chosen by him, have given one vote of their State to Tilden, and they will present their credentials to the President of the Senate in Washington. The Republican electors will also appear, by their delegate at least, and present their vote for Hayes; but, as it will lack the official sanction of the Governor of the State, it is a rather puzzling question to know what the President of the Senate will do about it.

The settlement of the whole question must remain open to discussion until February, when some decisive step must be taken; and as, in the meanwhile, there will be plenty of time to debate the subject, to discover frauds, and to make appeals to the Supreme Court, we are entirely con-

dent that then the decision will be final, and that it will be acquiesced in by the people. Congress acted promptly in appointing committees to investigate the frauds that may have been committed in the South, and a resolution to inquire into the best method for counting the Presidential vote was passed in the House of Representatives without opposition. The election of Mr. Randall, of Pennsylvania, to the office of Speaker, has proved in every way acceptable to the Democratic Party, and is, unquestionably, the best selection that could have been made.

The President's Message was a great disappointment to his own friends, and his apology for his own unfitness for the office which he had occupied for two terms, and would have been very glad to have held for a third term, was particularly exasperating to his supporters, who had been loud in contending that he was eminently fitted for the place. His neglect to make any suggestions as to the manner in which the conflict between the two parties contending for the Presidential Chair should be determined, or to give any hint, in fact, as to the one he would himself favor in the final struggle, was another source of anger which has been vented in an unmistakable manner by some of the Republican organs. It has been more than intimated that Grant is likely to give the weight of his influence to the Democratic candidate, and the rejection of Fernando Wood's proposal in caucus to impeach the President was very wisely done, since it would have created an insurmountable barrier to any reconciliation if it had passed. No good end can now be secured by a needless quarrel with the President. An attempt at impeachment would be altogether useless, and as his term is now so near its end, it will be better to give him no unnecessary cause of offense.

It is very gratifying to notice that the most reasonable and conciliatory men in the House of Representatives are the leading Democratic members from the South. That was a very significant remark of Ben Hill, of Georgia, that those who talked most about violent measures now were those who were "invincible in peace and invisible in war." It is most unfortunate for the whole country that we shall be compelled to wait full six weeks longer before we can know, not who may have been elected—for that there is scarcely room for doubt—but upon whose shoulders the mantle of power is to descend. It must not be forgotten that the Republicans possess great advantages; they have the Government already in their hands; they have a majority in the Senate, which will not be broken in the next Congress; they have the sword and the purse in their keeping; they have a majority of the Supreme Court, and the Chief-Justice is not only a political partisan of the Republican candidate, but they are both citizens of the same State. The Republicans have not only all these advantages, but they have thus far shown an unscrupulous disposition to avail themselves of all the means at their command to maintain themselves in office, and they are sure to continue to do so. But with all their advantages, they are surrounded by a network of difficulties, and they are confronted by experienced men of equal capacity to their own who will contest every inch of the ground before them with unwavering courage and unfailing strength. If the Democrats should be beaten it will not be their fault, but their misfortune, and they will be stronger when the conflict shall be over than they were when it commenced.

THE BROOKLYN THEATRE HORROR.

NEVER has the community been so thoroughly appalled by a public calamity as when the news came that three hundred persons had perished in the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre. Destruction is looked for on the field of battle, and the bursting of a reservoir is regarded as beyond human control; but that hundreds of human beings should be helplessly burned to death in the very centre of a crowded city is a horror that is beyond the power of words to adequately depict. The picture is terrible in all its details. A thousand people were thrown into a terrible panic by the sudden appearance of a cloud of flame upon the stage, and at once, like so many maddened beasts, began to fight their way to places of safety. As in all panics, the ties of kindred and friendship were loosened in most cases, and the thought of every heart was of its own personal peril. When six or seven hundred people had fought their way to the street, and, torn and bleeding as they were, had turned their steps homewards, and when those who had been trampled under foot had been tenderly lifted up and cared for, it was supposed that the fire had happily missed its victims. But this was only the outside glimpse of a terrible tragedy that had been enacted within. In the upper galleries more than three hundred persons, mostly young men in the prime of their

strength, had been caught by the suffocating clouds of smoke, thrown into a struggling, shouting mass on the stairs, and precipitated finally into a gulf of seething flames. Death came to their relief instantaneously, and their last faint cry was drowned by the roar of the fiery hurricane about them. No one dreamed, at the time, that such a scene of horror was enacting. The policemen who patrolled the streets on either side the theatre were all unconscious that a heap of charred remains lay crowded together almost beneath their feet. Only when morning came, and one and another, and finally throngs, of anxious relatives came to inquire as to the fate of their missing ones, did a revelation of the great calamity dawn upon the authorities. Already the public has been made acquainted with the full extent of the disaster and the details of the story; but it can never know the darkness that has settled on so many happy homes, the sorrows and sufferings of those families whose bread-winners are snatched away by the flames, and the long agony of dread suspense which for weeks and months will refuse to believe that the missing one is for ever gone, but will listen in vain for a footstep that will never come.

One is at a loss to know with what calamity this latest horror is to be compared. It is necessary to go back two generations to find its parallel in the United States. In 1811, on the night after Christmas, an audience composed of the most highly cultured people at the capital of Virginia were assembled in the principal theatre in Richmond. Suddenly an alarm of fire was raised, the flames swept through the building, and seventy persons perished. In those days the fashionable portion of the audience sat up-stairs, and the "pit" was abandoned to the rabble. Thus it happened that the victims of the Richmond fire belonged almost exclusively to the highest social circles, including in their number the Governor of the State. To-day fashion has changed the seats of its audience at the theatres, and attached the highest prices to the lowest floor. By this change it happens that the dead of the Brooklyn Theatre belong to the humbler walks of life. The grief of their relatives is none the less deep, and their labor and love will be none the less sadly missed, but society will scarcely feel the blow as severely as if it had struck home among the wealthy and cultured. Yet the loss of life has been so enormous, when compared with ordinary casualties, that there is no doubt there will be a general and imperative demand for proper precautions against the repetition of such a calamity.

It is no time, however, for hasty and indiscriminate indignation. People are too apt to generalize on such occasions, or to select a single victim and let the rest of the offenders go. When a fire occurs in a theatre, the idea with the thoughtless people is to vent their indignation on the managers for opening a "tinder box" to the public, for neglecting to have water-tanks scattered about the building, or for not having the audience-chamber studded with officials whose duty it is to suppress a panic. Then the public, deeming that it has done its whole duty by one wild burst of indignation, goes on its way as heedlessly as ever, and lets its conscience slumber in peace until the next list of dead and wounded is presented to its gaze. Now, there is no doubt that there was much that was faulty in the construction of the Brooklyn Theatre, and there is as little doubt that there are grave perils hanging over the audiences in many of the places of public amusement in this city. But whose is the fault? No one has the folly to suppose that the manager of a theatre willfully sets traps for his audience and exposes them to danger. It is manifestly to the interest of the builder of a place of amusement to guard it against destruction by fire, and to do all that is possible to protect it against casualties. Even a suspicion of insecurity will sometimes prove fatal to the reputation of a public hall or other place of gathering. Of course there is such a thing as false economy on the part of the management, but generally the audience is taken into due consideration. If, however, any place is openly and notoriously unsafe, is not this the fault of the public as well as of those who have it in charge? If people would steadily refuse to enter the doors of any public building that is not provided with sufficient appliances and means of egress in case of fire, they would soon secure comparative safety in all quarters. As long, however, as the crowd rushes tumultuously into what they are pleased to term "tinder-boxes," and continue to make light of danger, they must consider themselves fortunate that a great loss of life so seldom occurs. At any time or place a panic is liable to occur, and human energy is often powerless to check it; but it cannot reap a very wide harvest of death in cases where the elements of safety have been provided. It should be the duty of the public to secure comparative immunity from peril by giving or withholding their patronage according to their judg-

ment after a careful examination. In the meanwhile the ingenuity of builders will be promptly exercised in the discovery or invention of some sort of theatre safeguards in the shape of indestructible scenery, of metal or zinc, or some other light and durable substance, of wire-screens or iron curtains, and such other similar devices as will, so far as human foresight is available, remove the lives of audiences out of the range of danger such as befell the fated Brooklyn structure.

THE KURIUM COLLECTION.

THE success of the citizens of New York in securing, a fortnight ago, for the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the collection of Cypriote antiquities discovered by General Di Cesnola in a temple at Kurium, is a circumstance on which the people of the whole country, as well as those of the metropolis, may well congratulate themselves. That such success would be assured to the effort, despite the depressing influences of the period at which it was set on foot, was easily enough conceivable when the great worth of the articles negotiated for was compared with the comparatively small sum of \$60,000 required for their possession. The money, it is believed, scarcely represents their intrinsic value as specimens of ingenious handicraft. Above and beyond this is the testimony they bear of the condition of Eastern art and culture in ages far antedating the historic period of Greece, and the key they will doubtless furnish to many yet unopened pages of ancient history. But there was close competition for their ownership, and the time in which the final decision was to be made had narrowed itself down to a few hours, when some public-spirited citizens of New York contributed the requisite sums to effect the purchase, thereby securing to this city what was needed to perfect one of the most complete museums of antiquities in the world. It was only fitting, of course, that these wonderful relics of an extinct people should be treasured away in the land which had adopted their discoverer, and which had bestowed upon him the means of prosecuting his investigations. But as was the case with his first Cyprian collection in 1872, the European nations which they were compelled to traverse were exceedingly reluctant to have them cross the Atlantic. It will be remembered that the collection now in the Metropolitan Museum was originally bid for by Louis Napoleon, to be bought at his private expense as a present for the Imperial Museum of the Louvre, and that when General Di Cesnola's acceptance of the offer reached Paris the Emperor was a captive. When that negotiation fell through their purchase was nearly effected in London, and would have been consummated had not an American gentleman interposed in lucky time with a liberal offer. British archaeologists have never ceased to deplore their neglected opportunity, and when it became known that a new lot was offered for sale, the English press, with unanimous voice, urged that it should be immediately secured for the British Museum. It was claimed that there was its natural place of deposit, where it might be compared with antiquities found elsewhere, and where it always would be within ready access of European scholars. These arguments were plausible, and, of course, natural under the circumstances; but they are robbed of their force by the action which brings the relics to the Metropolitan Museum as the complement of the purchase of 1872. Had we not already possessed this first Cypriote collection, even American archaeologists would hardly have ventured to insist upon the ocean separating the twin lots whose conjunction will be found essential for mutual understanding and interpretation. Possessing this, however, in no other city or country could the other have found a fitting abiding-place. This is the material and strictly logical argument for our right of possession. But there is a loftier and no less pertinent aspect from which to view it, which ignores the apologetic tone half implied in the bald argument, assuming for America, equally with Europe, the child of the ages, the right to possess and treasure up the inheritances of the past, under whatever clime they may have had their origin. The youngest people of the earth, which, during the past Summer, in the presence of the whole world, received the greeting of the oldest nation of the globe, has a history of her own too closely linked to antiquity to be separated at the instigation of mere national self-conceit.

We have only casually referred to the historical value of these objects of art found in the tombs and in the newly discovered temple-treasury at Kurium. For a full description of the collection, which must be had before its importance can be appreciated, we must wait for its arrival in this country and its unpacking and arrangement, which, it is understood, will be personally supervised by General Di Cesnola. Meanwhile the London *Athenaeum*, in a com-

prehensive description of the collection, promises, among other advantages, to students of ancient Glyptic art much new light on engraved gems, which will tend to clear away the existing confusion between Etruscan and Greek design that has arisen from the circumstance of most previously known archaic Greek gems having been found in Italy. The Kurium curiosities are 7,210 in number, and comprise rare specimens of Cypriote, Greek, Roman, Phoenician and Egyptian vases, coins, mosaics, cups, bottles, idols and statuettes, many of which will, it may be confidently expected, be available in penetrating further the obscurity that overshadows the association of early Greek art with that of Egypt and Assyria. Supplementary information on these points and others, to which we might advert, will undoubtedly be furnished in the book upon Cyprus which General Di Cesnola is now preparing for publication in London. In this work the student may expect to find full and minute details of the manner in which his remarkable discoveries were projected and made, and of the relative age and significance of the articles themselves, so far as those could be gathered from their position when found.

OUR COLLEGES AND THEIR PROSPECTS.

THERE is undoubtedly, at the present time, an increasing interest in college education. People are beginning to recognize more than ever the influence of sound education upon sound morals and upright politics; and even the most unscholarly citizen sees matter for national pride in the fact that American science has been strengthened by the labors of an Agassiz, a Dana, a Newcomb, or a Gray, and that American linguistics has been enriched by the contributions of a Whitney, a March, or a Child. Therefore benefactors of colleges have multiplied of late years, but it is a question whether their benefactions have not too often been wrongly applied. Once in a while, as with Mr. Ario Pardee's gift of \$500,000 to Lafayette for a scientific school, a sufficient sum for a new department is given; but more frequently, when a library building, or a dormitory, or an observatory is founded, the donor gives it his own name, supplies an inadequate amount of money, neglects to provide a fund for running expenses, and so, with the best of intentions, saddles the college with a new expense, and severely taxes its overstrained general fund. Generally speaking, the better way is to give money outright, and let the trustees do with it as they choose. The next best thing is to endow an existing or a needed professorship. What colleges most want is men, not buildings. A wise man can instruct from a barrel-head; a fool cannot impart wisdom from a throne. But when we compare the numbers of instructors and students, the requisitions for entrance and graduation, and the increased thoroughness of the ordinary daily work in our colleges, with their condition even so late as 1860, we can at once perceive that the new academic interest has borne fruit. Harvard, within that time, has gained five buildings, has won a modified but perceptible success in the elective system of studies, has broadened and strengthened her several scientific departments, and in the medical school has introduced a radical change, requiring three years of study instead of three winters of lecture-hearing. But the theological school is in sad decadence, owing, doubtless, to its denominational leaning, while the scientific school has but a handful of students, their fewness being due to the neighborhood and successful rivalry of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. What with invested funds, tuition fees of \$150 a year, and unwarrantably high revenues from rented rooms, Harvard is very comfortably off, financially, as far as the academic department is concerned. The elective system has been stretched to the last extreme, and will probably advance no further. Undue prominence has been paid, under President Eliot's administration, to the scientific branches as distinguished from the literary and philosophical. But our oldest institution is still our best, on the whole, and it has, undoubtedly, during the past decade, gained on its old rival at New Haven. But Yale, although she has lost the pre-eminence in numbers, is not asleep. The plan for reorganizing the college grounds, unlike that at Harvard, unfortunately necessitates the demolition of the older buildings. However, though Yale's architecture may be new, her adherence to the old and tried systems of instruction in letters and divinity is not shaken. The Sheffield Scientific School, by its equipments and methods, easily makes up for any undue conservatism in the academic department. The theological school has lately been a gainer at the expense of Andover and Hartford—a prosperity suggesting the idea that even divinity students are not above paying attention to new

buildings, pretty chapels, and hot water in their rooms. The school really, however, surpasses its country rivals for favor among the Congregationalists, by its advantages as a university adjunct. The law and medical departments are humble and rather superfluous, but do a good work in a small way. Princeton College has received great sums within the past few years, and now only needs new professors and enhanced endowments to give her the position she has always craved as the unquestioned leader of the institutions outside of New England. At Cornell, it must be confessed, the period of effervescence and excitement has been somewhat unduly prolonged; but the managers have wisely selected scholars as well as architects, and the instruction in many of the chairs is of the highest order. Michigan University, the Cornell of the West, has been fertile in expedients and bold in action. A slightly diminished number of students has followed a modest increase in thoroughness, but the pre-eminence of the university among Western colleges must remain unquestioned. Of the other institutions at the North—Columbia, Brown, Dartmouth, Williams, Bowdoin, Amherst, Union, Wesleyan, Lafayette, and Kenyon—there is little to say, save that they have continued to do their usual work in a way more solid than ever. Dartmouth, however, has received exceptionally large gifts within half a dozen years; Lafayette possesses one of the most costly scientific equipments of all American colleges; and Columbia is beginning to feel the public demand that her vast wealth be put to a better use in her various schools, with the honorable exception of her School of Mines. The University of Pennsylvania, the only other large college in a large city, has earlier seen the necessity of increased attention to the marshaling together of a strong faculty; and has also housed herself in the most elaborate of the newer college buildings of America.

The Southern colleges deserve the highest praise for the prompt courage with which they have, with slender purses, set to work to repair the damages of the war. The University of Virginia has a faculty which, although compelled to pay tribute to the inchoate Johns Hopkins University, is still worthy to be named with that of any college in the country. Recent State and private gifts have lately strengthened her general fund. The administration of young General Lee at Washington and Lee University has also been productive of great good. The venerable William and Mary College has rebuilt its edifice, and now gives excellent instruction to a goodly number of students. The University of Georgia is flourishing, and the University of North Carolina has once more opened its doors. We have no doubt that the percentage of students to population is now larger South than North. This is a hopeful sign for "the Great South," and reminds us that Southern students have wellnigh deserted Yale and Princeton, their old haunts; neither do they frequent Oxford and Cambridge, as of yore. And yet we would not encourage, save to this moderate extent, the multiplication of small sectional colleges. We have five times too many—fifty would suffice for the whole country.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING DECEMBER 9, 1876.

Monday.....108% @ 108%	Thursday.....108 @ 107%
Tuesday.....108% @ 108%	Friday.....107% @ 107%
Wednesday.....108% @ 108%	Saturday.....107 @ 107%

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE EFFICIENCY OF A CANNON.—The signal victory of General Miles over the Indians in the Northwest on October 21st has been described in this paper. The accounts of the skirmish show that a Rodman gun rendered effective service. When the troops appeared near the Indian village a flag of truce was unfurled, and General Miles was informed that Sitting Bull wanted to have a big talk. About 300 mounted warriors approached in perfect military order, and when the council had been held they withdrew with the precision of veteran cavalymen. When the battle was opened the Indians fought well, but when the gun was brought into range they were terribly frightened, and a stampede followed. The Yellowstone campaign proved that a mounted Indian is more than a match for a white cavalryman. The horsemanship of Sitting Bull's warriors is perfect. They strip themselves naked when the battle opens, and fight like devils incarnate. Cavalymen are indispensable for scouting, but infantry, supported by light artillery, are more effective in a campaign against the Sioux.

GOVERNOR HENDRICKS'S VIEWS.—The Indianapolis Journal, of December 7th, published an account of an interview with Governor Hendricks on the situation. He thinks that the action of the Returning Boards in Florida, South Carolina and Louisiana is not in accordance with the laws of those States or the Federal Constitution, but hopes Congress will do justice and assert the true spirit of the Constitution. He does not believe the Vice-President can declare who is elected, or that two houses of Congress are simply witnesses as to the count, furnishing tellers to certify to the correct reading of the ballots. He relies upon the Twenty-second

Joint Rule, which he contends has been in operation since 1868, and declares it is a legislative interpretation of the Constitution, specially intended to meet such a crisis as the present one. He admits the possibility of the House declaring Governor Tilden President, and the Senate declaring Governor Hayes President, and that such a crisis would be of the most serious character, and entail upon all parties the gravest responsibility. He declined making any statement as to his recent meeting with Governor Tilden.

THE MISSISSIPPI JETTIES.—The report of the Military Commission upon the works for the improvement of the South Pass of the Mississippi River has been made to the Secretary of War, and closes as follows: "We deem not only an enlargement of section, but a large application of stone, to be essential to the security of the jetties, their sea-ends especially, and we are of the opinion that this enlargement of section at the sea-ends, and consolidation throughout by the application of stone, should be undertaken at once, and a reasonable progress thereon be made the condition of the second and all future payments. The immediate and full consolidation of the jetties should be neither required nor expected, as they will continue to settle for some time, both by the subsidence of the bottom upon which they rest and by the compression of the mattresses of which they are largely composed; but this settlement and consolidation should be hastened, as has just been remarked, by the application of stone from time to time, so that they may be in a condition to receive their final finish as soon, at least, as the expected full depth of water in the channel has been obtained. The present works at the head of the pass are mostly of a tentative and temporary character, and as their proper proportions are determined should be replaced by substantial and permanent structures, to be completed before the final payments are made."

THE ELECTORAL VOTE.—We give below the electoral vote as cast by the electors of the several States on December 6th. They show the majority of one for Hayes, which was claimed by the Republicans a couple of days after the election. But there are complications in the matter which it is believed by many will yet affect the result. The action of the Governor of Oregon in giving a certificate to a Democratic elector will alone, if sustained, cause the apparent majority of Mr. Hayes to revert over to Mr. Tilden. In three States also, Florida, Louisiana and South Carolina, the Democratic electors claim to have been elected, and have met and cast their votes for Tilden and Hendricks. Even now, in the agitated condition of the public mind, it is impossible to predict what will be the issue next March.

For Tilden and Hendricks.	For Hayes and Wheeler.
Alabama.....10	California.....6
Arkansas.....6	Colorado.....3
Connecticut.....6	Florida.....4
Delaware.....3	Illinois.....21
Georgia.....11	Iowa.....11
Indiana.....15	Kansas.....5
Kentucky.....12	Louisiana.....8
Maryland.....8	Maine.....7
Mississippi.....8	Massachusetts.....13
Missouri.....15	Michigan.....11
New York.....35	Minnesota.....5
New Jersey.....9	Nebraska.....3
North Carolina.....10	New Hampshire.....3
Texas.....8	Nevada.....3
Tennessee.....12	Ohio.....22
Virginia.....11	Oregon.....3
West Virginia.....5	Pennsylvania.....29
	Rhode Island.....4
	South Carolina.....7
	Vermont.....5
	Wisconsin.....10
Total.....184	Total.....185

A MEXICAN REVOLUTION.—We have received startling intelligence from the City of Mexico, December 1st. On November 16th, Porfirio Diaz defeated the Government army under General Alatorre near Huamantla, about 100 miles distant from the City of Mexico. Puebla fell on the 18th by the revolt of the troops in favor of Diaz. Lerdo de Tejedo, with his government, fled from the capital on the 21st, escorted by about one thousand men. He made for Morelia, where, in imitation of Juarez, he will attempt to maintain the constitutional government. His train consisted of 16 carriages, 100 extra animals and \$500,000; but his escort began to desert him the next day, and on the third day he had but 300 men. When last heard from he was in the State of Michoacan. Before leaving the capital President Lerdo appointed Tagle, an adherent of Diaz, Governor of the District, and Delrio, another Diaz man, President of the City Municipality. Perfect order reigned in the city during the interregnum. General Diaz and staff entered the city on the 23d, in the midst of the greatest demonstrations. Intelligence is received daily of the surrender of cities, towns and garrisons. General Diaz declared that the necessities of the situation required that he should assume the Presidency of the Republic, and on the 30th he was officially announced as Provisional President. He invited the merchants of the city to meet him at the palace, where he told them he wanted a loan of \$500,000 at one per cent. a month, which was granted. The question of paying the first installment, \$300,000, due the United States in January on the claims awarded is now being discussed. General Diaz cannot possibly raise money above his immediate wants, and will not be able to pay it.

COOLNESS IN PERIL.—The recent terrible Brooklyn calamity recalls an occasion a couple of years ago, when the Grand Theatre at Vienna was crowded. The Emperor Francis, with several members of his family, was in the Imperial box. The play, Schiller's "Robbers," had reached its third act, when a cry arose that the stage was on fire. Emile Devrient signaled at once to the proprietor, who lowered the curtain. The actor, stepping in front of it ere it wholly fell, in his clear, clarion voice, said: "The Emperor has been despoiled of an aigrette of diamonds. No honest person will object to being searched. You will pass out one by one at each entrance, and be searched by the police stationed at the several doors. Any man attempting to go out of order will be arrested."

The crowd, deceived by the coolness and the charge, poured out. As each reached the door he was simply told to hurry on, and just as the last rows of the upper gallery were filing out the flames burst through the curtain. But not a life was lost, though in less than an hour afterwards the building was in ruins. Another case of coolness is cited from California. Nearly a hundred persons were killed or wounded in the recent stampede in the Chinese theatre in San Francisco. The story now has a new and terrible significance for Eastern readers. The panic was started by a Chinaman who was frightened out of his wits. Some one had carelessly thrown on the floor a lighted cigar or cigarette, and the matting in the gallery had caught fire. The man who first noticed the flames, instead of stamping them out, sprang to his feet, and in the Chinese tongue yelled "Fire! Fire!" at the top of his voice. The panic-stricken audience sprang to their feet, and rushed for the door, giving no heed to the actors on the stage, who were as self-possessed and brave as were Miss Claxton and Mr. Studley at the Brooklyn Theatre. Meanwhile, a man in the gallery had taken off his overcoat, and smothered the flames. The theatre was saved, but it was too late to stay the panic.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

ALL election bets were declared off by the leading stakeholders.

It was proposed to reorganize a Democratic State Government in Louisiana.

JARVIS LORD, charged with canal frauds, was put upon trial at Albany, N. Y., before a struck jury.

THE Electoral Colleges met on the 6th, Louisiana was declared for Hayes by 3,500 majority and Florida by 930.

THE remains of the late Baron de Palm were successfully cremated at Washington, Pennsylvania. Illustration on another page.

AN examination of William M. Tweed's baggage was made, and all the papers were sent to the Attorney-General at Washington.

PRESIDENT GRANT submitted his eighth message, with annual reports of the heads of the departments, to Congress, on the 5th.

HENRY M. FELTON, was unanimously renominated for United States Senator from Colorado, in a Republican caucus of the Legislature.

SENATOR RANDOLPH and Congressman Hewitt, both Democrats, were accorded an interview by the President, when the political situation was discussed.

JAMES S. THAYER declined the nomination for Comptroller of New York, and John Kelly was nominated in his stead and promptly confirmed. William C. Whitney was appointed and confirmed as Corporation Counsel.

MESSRS. COWGILL and McLIN, the Comptroller of Accounts and Secretary of State of Florida, were cited to Court to answer the rule to show cause why they should not be committed for contempt in continuing the canvass after they had been served with the restraint of the Court.

A BUST of Horace Greeley was unveiled at his grave in Greenwood Cemetery, on the 4th. William A. Bodwell, representing the Typographical Union, made the presentation speech, Bayard Taylor delivered the address, and E. C. Stedman read an original poem.

THE Democratic House withdrew from the Capitol at Columbia, S. C., to avoid being ejected by State constables, and reorganized in Carolina Hall. Governor Chamberlain was inaugurated, being sworn in by a Probate Judge specially authorized, as the Chief Justice refused to recognize his election. Matters became quiet at close of week.

THE Brooklyn Theatre was destroyed by fire on the evening of the 5th, during the performance of "The Two Orphans." A terrific panic was created, in which nearly 300 persons lost their lives. On Saturday, the remains of 100 unrecognized bodies were buried in Greenwood Cemetery, and on Sunday special religious services were held in the Academy of Music, Hooley's Opera House and the Park Theatre. Fuller particulars will be found on another page.

Foreign.

GERMANY declined to participate in the French Exhibition of 1878.

As the Servians refused to permit Nisic to be revictualled, the Turks prepared to do so by force.

A COMMITTEE was formed in London to raise money for the relief of wounded Turkish soldiers.

GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS, brother of the Czar, took command of the Russian army at Kirchneff.

JOHN BRIGHT made a great speech at Birmingham against England's Eastern policy and any support of Turkey.

THE Cambridge University Boat Club declined the challenge of Yale and Cornell Universities to a four-oared race in August next.

A NEW Anglo-American treaty was negotiated. Brent, the forger, was re-arrested, but Winslow and Gray escaped.

A NATIONAL Conference was held in London to oppose the pro-Turkish policy of the Government. Mr. Gladstone made the leading address.

It was reported that a conspiracy to depose the present Sultan had been discovered. Six alleged principals were arrested in the palace in disguise.

ROUMANIA is preparing for war, and concentrating troops at Kalapoti. The State archives have been removed from Bucharest to Tirgovesti for safe-keeping.

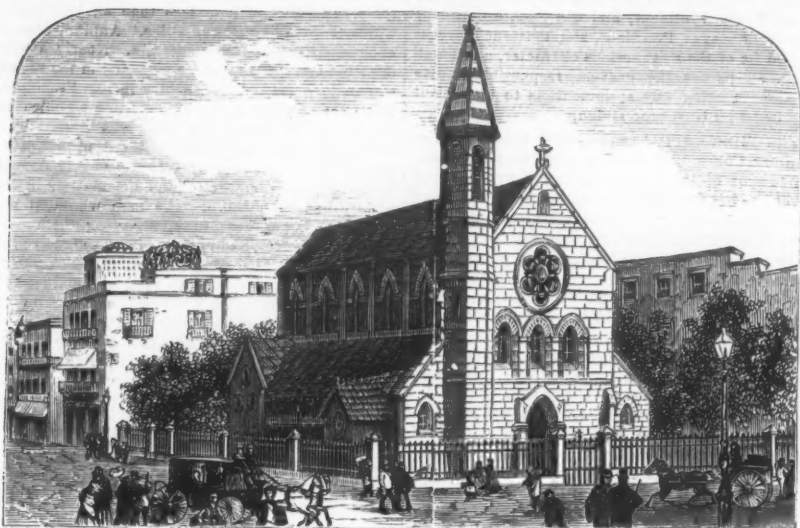
A REVOLUTION, led by the Minister of War, broke out simultaneously in the City of Buenos Ayres and the Province of Entre Rios, in the Argentine Republic.

PRINCE BISMARCK, in an elaborate speech, expressed the thought that England would occupy Egypt in case Russia was successful in the war. He declared that Germany would remain neutral.

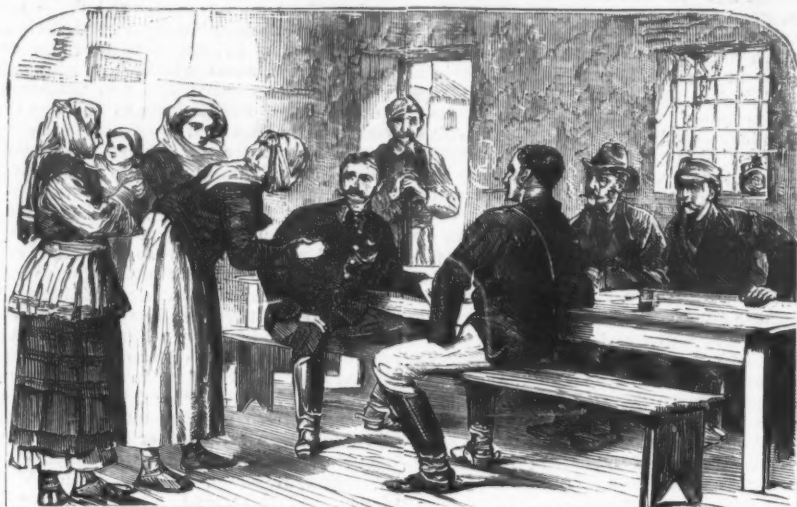
PRESIDENT MACMAHON asked the Duc d'Audiffert-Purgeuse to form a new Ministry. He declined, and the President had a conference with the President of the Senate and Chamber on the situation.

GENERAL DIAZ captured the City of Mexico and was proclaimed Provisional President. He levied an assessment of \$500,000 upon the inhabitants. President Lerdo de Tejedo fled, with his staff, but was captured.

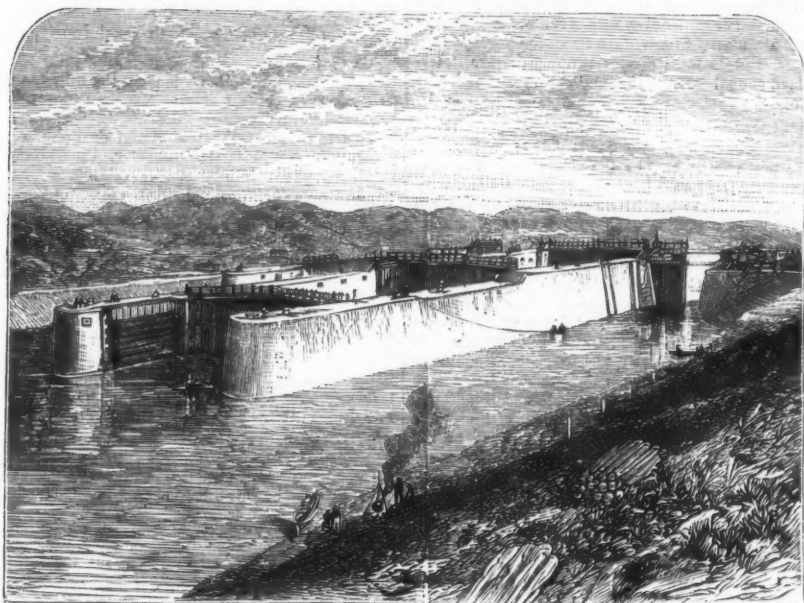
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 263.



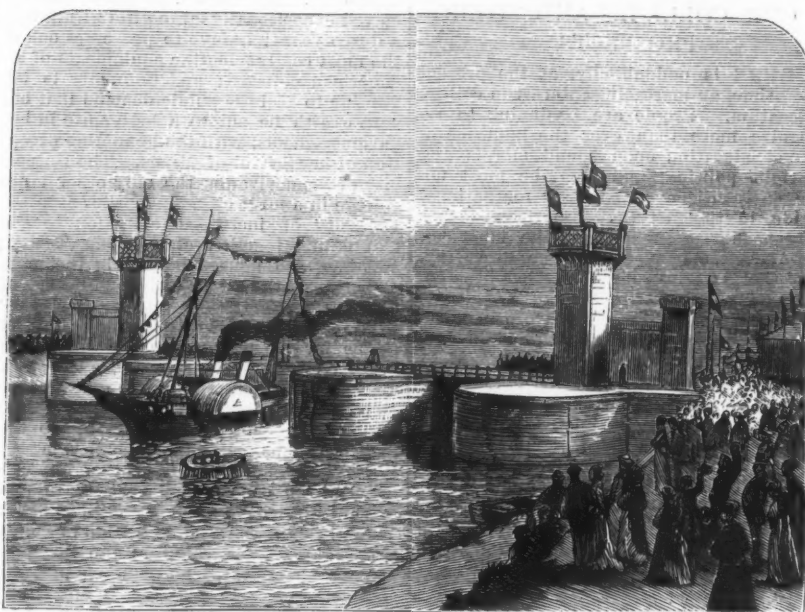
ITALY.—THE NEW ANGLICAN CHURCH IN PALERMO.



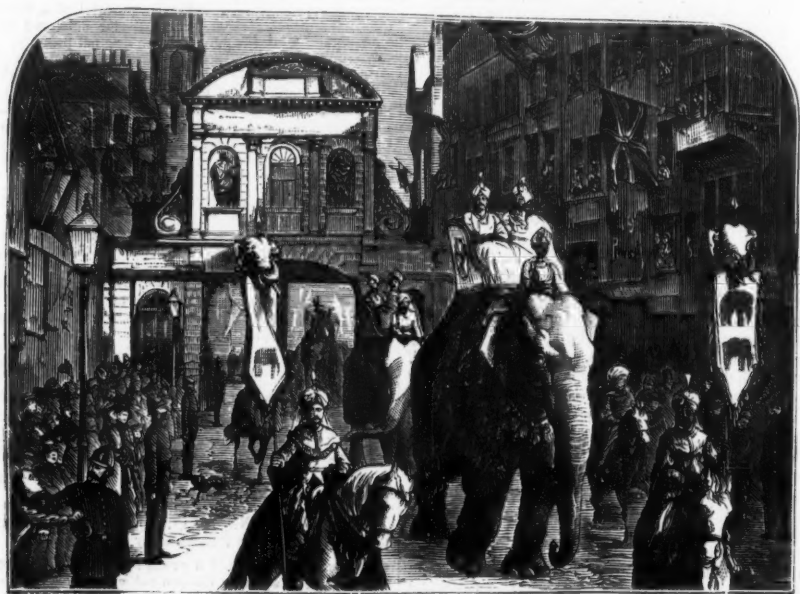
TURKEY.—SERVIAN WOMEN AT ALEXINATZ INQUIRING FOR THEIR HUSBANDS.



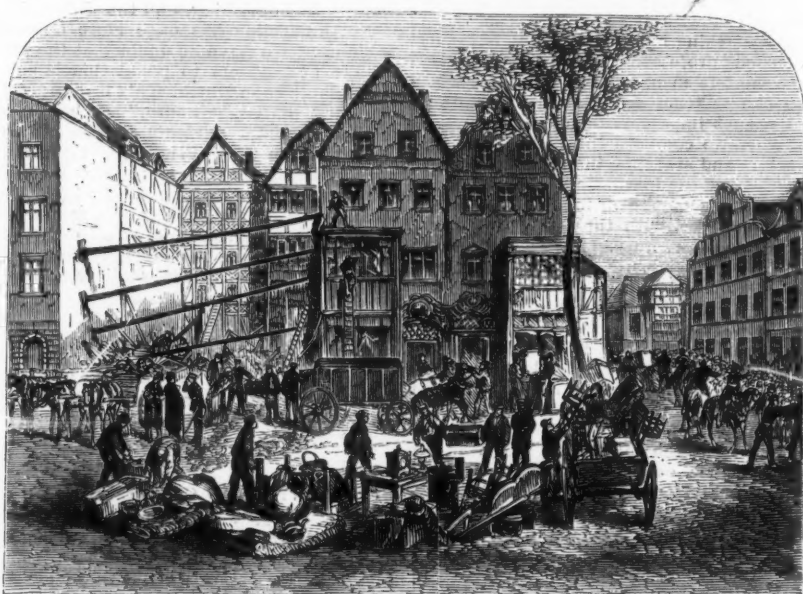
HOLLAND.—THE SEA-LOCKS OF THE NEW NORTH SEA CANAL.



HOLLAND.—THE KING OPENING THE FLOOD-GATES OF THE NEW NORTH SEA CANAL.



ENGLAND.—CELEBRATION OF LORD MAYOR'S DAY IN LONDON.



GERMANY.—CAVING-IN OF A PORTION OF THE REICH-STRASSE IN HAMBURG.



BAVARIA.—THE NEW ROYAL ACADEMY OF ART IN MUNICH.

HON. SAMUEL J. RANDALL,
SPEAKER OF THE U. S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

SAMUEL J. RANDALL was born in Philadelphia, October 10th, 1828. He received a liberal education, and in early life engaged in mercantile pursuits in his native city. He entered into public life as a member of the City Council of Philadelphia, in which he served four years. Thence he went to the State Senate, where he labored during 1858-'59. He was sent to the Thirty-eighth Congress in 1862 as a member from the First District of Pennsylvania. In the Thirty-ninth Congress, having been re-elected, he served on the Committees on Banking and Currency and on Expenditures in the State Department. He was re-elected successively to the Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty-second, Forty-third and the Forty-fourth Congresses, and is therefore one of the oldest members of the present House in point of actual service. In the first session of the present Congress he was Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, and a member of the Select Committee on Rules.

Mr. Randall was the second choice of the Democrats of the first session of the Forty-fourth Congress, when Mr. Kerr was chosen. He then received sixty-three votes. To him the country owes an enormous reduction in the burdens of the Government, amounting in round numbers to \$30,000,000. It was no fault of Mr. Randall's that this relief was not still greater. The reductions recommended by him reached the figure of \$38,910,984.29, but the Republican Senate insisted upon certain original estimates of the Republican Administration, which the House found it necessary to concede after washing its own hands of the responsibility of the increase over the amount of Mr. Randall's careful and deliberate reconstruction of the national budget.

In politics Mr. Randall has always been an active and consistent Democrat; but his ability and integrity have been so marked as to command the respect even of his political opponents, while his hold upon the affections of his constituency is evinced by his being returned to so many Congresses. Almost from the time of his entry into that body he has been regarded as a leader. He is an excellent parliamentarian, quick and decisive in his official bearing, and withal a gentleman in every sense.

DEAD-LOCK IN THE LEGISLATURE
OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

CONTINUING our illustrations of the political crisis in South Carolina, we present sketches this week, with the subjects of which the public have been made familiar by the daily press.

Soon after nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, November 28th, Generals Gordon and Johnson, with Messrs. Peek and Jeffries, members of the Legislature from Union, proceeded to the Capitol, where they found all the doors closed and barred, except a side-door on the north end. They entered there, and found the rotunda filled with troops, their arms stacked around the statue of Washington, and two sentinels, with fixed bayonets, pacing to and



THE HON. SAMUEL J. RANDALL, OF PENNSYLVANIA, SPEAKER OF THE U. S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

fro by the door of the Supreme Court. They demanded admission, and the corporal of the guard stated that they would not be admitted unless by pass from Mr. Jones or General Dennis. The corporal was then requested to bring the General, which he did, and he also refused to admit any of them. The members exhibited their certificates of election, signed by the Clerk of the Supreme Court, with its seal affixed, but were told that they could not pass on it. In answer to General Gordon's questions, the corporal said he was under the orders of General Dennis, who was a citizen.

All holders of certificates not issued by the Republican Board of Canvassers were refused admission.

The Republicans organized the House promptly at noon, declaring that they had a quorum, elected E. W. Mackey, of Charleston, Speaker, and went into business. The Democrats, finding themselves thoroughly duped, after they had received General Ruger's pledge of impartial treatment, met at seven P.M. in Carolina Hall. Sixty-four Democrats and two Republicans participated, and were sworn in as legislators by Judge Cook. The House organized, with General Wallace as Speaker.

On Wednesday, pending an adjournment of the Republican House, the Democratic House left Carolina Hall, and took possession of the State House.

Speaker W. H. Wallace (Dem.) walked directly to the stand, and seated himself in the chair of that officer. He was followed by the Democratic Clerk, who also took his position on the stand. The Democratic Sergeant-at-Arms remained at the door with a colored dignitary of the same office, who flourished a long pole, surmounted by a gilt band.

At about eleven o'clock, Speaker Mackey, accompanied by his officers and the Republican House, entered the hall, and demanded of Speaker Wallace the official chair. As the latter refused to surrender it, Mr. Mackey went behind the desk, and, standing beside Mr. Wallace, called the Republicans to order. Then began the double speaking, and the attempt by a dual Legislature to transact public business.

In our illustration of the scene, Speaker Mackey, a tall, high-shouldered man, wearing an overcoat, is standing up, while General Wallace occupies the chair. The gentleman on the right of Wallace is Colonel Haskill, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, and the one on the left of Mr. Mackey is Mr. Jones, Clerk of the Republican House. The desk is of black walnut, and the wall, back of the Speaker's chair, is hung with crimson curtains.

During the first day of the double session, among the many members who succeeded in making a speech, Mr. Hamilton (colored), of Beaufort, was the most notable. He rose from his seat, and, while speaking of the corruption of Governor Chamberlain and his associates, cried with great unction. He was the first Republican to desert his party and go over to the Democratic House.

The fourth day of the continuous session of the House ended at noon on Monday, December 4th. The troops had been marched from the building, or at least from the corridors. When the Democratic Clerk finished calling the roll, Mr. Wallace said: "The Chair is officially informed that a constabulary force



SOUTH CAROLINA.—THE DEAD-LOCK IN THE LEGISLATURE—DEMOCRATIC MEMBERS LEAVING THE HOUSE IN PURSUANCE OF A REQUEST OF SPEAKER WALLACE.—SKETCHED BY HARRY OGDEN.

of one hundred armed men have been organized for the purpose of ejecting certain members of this House from the floor, and that this force is acting under the authority of the Governor, and that if this armed body be not obeyed the military, which is now within call, will be brought into requisition. In the interests of peace, and to prevent bloodshed, he therefore urged that the Democrats retire to another hall." An adjournment was agreed to, and the Democrats retired in a body with three colored and one white Republican, and taking their blankets, pillows, etc., with them.

Upon reassembling in Carolina Hall the session was resumed. Speaker Wallace demanded the returns for Governor, and had the support of the Supreme Court, but Speaker Mackey refused either to surrender them or recognize the right of the Court to interfere in the matter.

MY LOVER.

FAIR as fair waxen lilies are,
Bright as the splendid noonday sun,
Fleet as the lithe, swift leopards are,
Earth's first and best and lordliest one.

Lo! he is mine, and I am his;
Sealed with a seal of love like fire.
What though I died for kiss of his,
'Twere one thing with my great desire.

What though the deadly nightshade bound
His straight white brows, his glorious hair,
Though shapes from Hell should shadow round,
'Twere Heaven itself if he were there.

For neither death, nor shame, nor fear
Of pains that shall hereafter be,
Nor heavenly hopes that men hold dear,
Shall keep me, Love, from thee!

ADA VROOMAN LESLIE.

Shadows on the Snow.

A CHRISTMAS STORY,

BY

B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIP," "JOSHUA MARVEL," "AN ISLAND PEARL," "THE DUCHESSE OF ROSEMARY LANE," ETC.

PART I.—(CONTINUED).

SOME short distance from Warleycombe Lodge, but within sight of it, stood an old, gnarled tree polifite in queerly knotted excrescences and twisted limbs and branches. It was so old that there had rotted away, at its base, a space sufficiently large to allow a man to seat himself easily. Here William mechanically rested; and, with a weary body, but active mind, set himself to his task of watching Reuben Harrild's house. Above him spread the fantastic branches of the tree, hung about with icicles, and fringed with delicate and graceful traceries in snow. Even in the midst of his rapt attention of the house, he could not avoid being struck with their beauty, and at odd moments he turned his eyes up to observe them.

Presently a singular fancy crept upon him. The branches assumed weird shape and form. Crooked twigs became transformed into grotesque figures perfect in limb and feature, and though there was not one among them that was not out of all reasonable proportion, not one seemed monstrous. They were all pigmies, and sat or stood in unnatural attitudes—with their legs twined under them, with their arms curled around their bodies, with their faces between their knees; here an elf, with his back to William, and his head turned over his shoulder to gaze at him; there a dwarf, lying at full length, and bending over towards him at a dangerous angle. The unfamiliar and curious figures were motionless for many moments; not a limb, not a feature stirred; but at the end of that time, animation passed into their bodies. Motion came to their limbs, expression to their features. And of the hundreds of strange faces with which the tree was filled, there was not one that was not directed toward him; there was not one eye that was not fixed upon him. Some smiled with the familiarity of old acquaintanceship, others frowned with severe cause; and one old fellow, with a great knot in the middle of his forehead, eyed him so sternly that he turned away in anger at the delusion which he had allowed to take possession of his senses.

As he turned, his attention was attracted to the beautiful appearance of the hedgerow, which lined the boundary of Reuben Harrild's land. It was nearly man-high; and as he gazed into the tangled skeins of bare and naked bush, snow-lined in purest white, he saw a thousand startling pictures in the maze. Through the interlaced vista he saw castles and rocks with the glow of sunlight upon them; merging gradually into the phantasy of many suns setting with a glorious light upon a dozen battle-fields, with shreds of armies flying from bloody pursuers; merging again into graveyards lying in the light of pale, cold moons, which threw a ghastly glare upon a myriad white spectres in their winding-sheets, gauntly stretching out their attenuated limbs.

And there—wonder upon wonder!—was the same stern old man with the knot in his forehead, eying him more seriously than ever, and, with a monstrously disproportionate finger, beckoning him to approach. Whom did this old man resemble? His face was surely familiar to William. Ah, yes! It was Doctor Bax. No; Stephen Winkworth. Wrong again. It was one of the worst of the persons to whom the little doctor had been good that night, and who, crazy with drink, had threatened to do them both an injury if they did not instantly run. Wrong again. It was the toy-soldier which Doctor Bax had fastened to the foot of the child's bed. Still wrong. It was Alice, the deformed girl, with her silken hair cut short. Wrong once more. It was an entirely strange face—a face he had never before looked upon. William rubbed his eyes; there still stood the grim old man with his gigantic finger, bidding him to come. But now the figure was no longer alone. On every side arose hundreds of white

phantom shadows, inviting William, with the same beckoning gestures, to join their company.

As he watched them, with increasing amazement, their numbers grew until the entire landscape became filled with motioning snow-shadows; and glancing upward into the spreading branches of the tree, a myriad white faces crowded down upon him, urging him to rise.

Compelled to obey, he stood upon his feet, and, looking towards the house, found that it had disappeared, that trees and hedges had vanished, and that he was standing on a great plain, carpeted with snow as far as the eye could reach, without a single speck or stain upon it to show that it had ever sustained habitation. Not one stationary object reared itself between heaven and earth; and, stranger still, although the plain was thickly thronged with shadows gliding restlessly around him, and although he was continually turning this way and that in his endeavor to follow their weird and ghostly motions, the surface of the snow did not present a single mark to denote that it was trodden.

And now a miracle occurred. A wild excitement possessed the phantom throng; and, the ranks dividing, a figure of surpassing loveliness approached. It was that of a beautiful Woman, with a crown of crystals upon her head. A thousand stars of icicle gleamed about her. She was garbed in robes of snowy whiteness, which hung loosely upon her form. Her limbs and features were faultlessly molded, and in her eyes dwelt an expression of such heavenly love and goodness, that William was impelled to kneel to her. But he was powerless; his limbs refused to obey his impulse. Closer and closer she approached. Clear as spotless crystal, she stood before him, lustroously beautiful, with a holy light in her eyes. No stain was on her soul—for he beheld it in all its purity. And on her heart, with a calm and placid smile upon its lips, lay the body of a sleeping child.

William, gazing with awe and wonder on the dazzling vision, felt a cold touch upon his arm, and turned, in the expectation of seeing some new wonder. But he stood alone, within a circle into which no spirit ventured to intrude, and a voice whispered into his ear the word, "Faith!"

He knew that the presence of an Invisible Shadow was about him, and that this was the name of the spotless Woman who stood before him.

Again the vast throng of white phantoms upheaved, and the Woman disappeared; again they glided hither and thither, in seeming disorder; again their ranks divided, and in the spot whereon the Woman had stood arose another form which he shuddered to look upon. The form of a Creature with disheveled hair, with scowling features, with bloodshot eyes, with blanched and quivering lips, with trembling limbs. Its garments were soiled, and tightly on its brows was fixed a crown, with sharp and jagged points pressing inwards on its forehead. It was transparent as the first, and lying on its heart was the bleeding form of a dying child, with a dagger in its breast.

For the second time the cold touch came upon his arm, and the voice whispered, "Doubt!"

Again the shadowy throng upheaved, and hid the frightful Creature from his sight. Again their ranks divided, and disclosed a new and awful figure, crouching to the ground, with tears streaming from its eyes. Old before its time, haggard before its time, and utterly, utterly hopeless. It raised its wasted hands, it turned its face heavenward, in despairing appeal. And in its lap, with pallid, pitiful face, lay the form of a once beautiful child, cold and dead.

For the third time William felt the cold touch upon his arm—the touch that now chilled him to the marrow; for the third time the voice whispered in his ear, "Remorse!"

The moment the word was spoken, the throng of phantom shadows glided into their snow-tomb, and vanished from his sight. The snow closed upon them, like the resistless wave of a mighty sea, and the great plain lay naked in the eye of heaven.

But William was not alone; once more the voice of the Invisible Shadow addressed him:

"Blind and infatuated! Upon this evening, when the universal heart of man should be turned to love and charity, have you allowed to be sown within your breast the seeds of doubt and mistrust? Upon this holy Christmas Eve have you allowed to be defiled the love which hallows life? She whom you love, and who loves you with perfect faithfulness, is stainless and truthful. This morning, Faith filled your heart. Beware, lest tomorrow comes Remorse! Behold what you were, what you are, and what you shall be, if you allow passion and unreason to blind you!"

The voice ceased, and William, starting forth in terror, threw up his arms with a wild, despairing cry. For the white plain was forming itself into a vast valley, shelving into depths which appeared illimitable, and into which he was sinking. In vain he strove to save himself. Down he sank, lower and lower still, until he was dizzily fearful that each moment would disclose a frightful precipice, over which he would be hurled and dashed to pieces.

But although the soft, white snow enveloped him, and this terror encompassed his soul, he was sensible of the presence of shadowy spirits accompanying him in his flight; and ever and anon, in the course of his descent, there gleamed athwart his otherwise blinded sight visions which enthralled him. Blue eyes and brown; faces wondrously beautiful; white hands that played about his hair; lips that smiled and mocked; persons for whom he entertained affection; his mother who died when he was young, and the pretty child who was buried with her. One and all gleamed before his sight, like stars falling from heaven into the depths.

It seemed to him that he continued thus to sink for days and weeks and years, and that to this horrible fate he was eternally condemned; but at length the end came. Darkness fell upon him, and he knew nothing more until he found himself standing before a house, surrounded by waving fields, the golden corn gleaming in the sun. The

musical whispering of the waving sheaves fell melodiously upon his ears, and he experienced an inexpressible sense of relief.

For a brief space he gave himself up to the spell of a calm, delicious rest, and then he looked more narrowly upon the scene.

Strange! It was his own house before which he stood; these were his own fields that he saw around him. Not as he had seen them last: the evidence of more careful husbandry and cultivation was everywhere apparent. It was the realization of what he had dreamed his home and farm might be a few years after he married. And there, in the garden, was Laura, more matronly and more beautiful than in her maiden days.

He stepped to her side, and laid his hand on her shoulder, but she did not turn to look upon him. He spoke to her, but she betrayed no consciousness of his speech. He clasped her in his arms; but she melted from his grasp, and he saw her looking with a glad light in her lovely eyes towards the distant landscape.

Wonder upon wonders! He saw a man approaching—himself, with a little girl upon his shoulders—his child and hers, by the likeness in her pretty face to himself and Laura—crowing and clapping her tiny hands at her mother, who ran towards them with joyous cries, and was taken to her husband's embrace. And then he learnt that he was a shadow, invisible, impalpable, and that his other self had taken his place in Laura's heart. He accompanied them, and walked by their side, listening to the fond terms of endearment that passed between them, a witness of their true and faithful affection.

The day passed, and he saw them in the evening, sitting by the window, her head resting upon his shoulder. He heard her speak in sweetest accents of love; he comprehended the worship of her eyes as she gazed upon her husband, and he groaned in despair as he thought that he had faded out of his place in the world, and that another filled it.

"Shall I buy your thoughts?" asked her husband, in reference to a sweet and pensive expression he observed in her face.

"What will you give for them, William?"

He kissed her; she nestled closer to him.

"I am thinking of the past," she said, "of something that is often in my mind, yet of which I have never spoken. Do you remember the last Christmas Eve we spent in my father's house, before we were married?"

"Surely, my darling."

"Something seemed to come between us that night, something that threw a shadow upon both our hearts. When you went away, I was truly unhappy, and I did not sleep the whole of the night. How I sighed for the day to come, so that I might see you, and tell you all! And when I saw you coming across the field, oh, William! I ran up to my bedroom, and cried for very happiness. For I feared that I might never see you again, and the thought was like death to me."

"Do not speak of that night," he said; "the remembrance of my blind jealousy always brings pain to me."

"It brings pleasure to me, William, for it seemed to me that I needed that proof of your trustfulness. I am, indeed, a happy woman—happy beyond the power of words."

"I am blest in your love, my darling."

"And I in yours, dear. I thank God for it hourly and daily."

In this way, without one discordant element, the story of those two lives passed rapidly before the dreamer. He saw them in their youthful, wedded days, contented and blest. Years passed swiftly over their heads, and children grew around them, adding to their happiness. Every day was not a day of joy. Sorrow and sickness came to them as to others, and he beheld them weeping in the chamber of death over the lifeless form of one of their children, gathering consolation in their bereavement from their mutual affection, and from their firm belief that He whose all-seeing eye watches equally over all His children, would, in His own good time, bring their darling again to their arms.

And so, through the valley of years, he followed the record of their honored lives, until they were gathered to the fold of Him whose children live through all eternity.

Again he heard the voice of the Spirit-Shadow: "Such lives as these are the reward of Faith and Love. Doubter of what is most holy and beautiful, behold what shall spring from the seeds you have allowed this night to be set within your heart."

Again he saw his home and farm, but, ah, how changed! Neglected lay the rich fields around his homestead; and in his garden, overrun with weeds, stood Laura, looking out upon the landscape. Could this be the Laura whom he loved? Although the familiar features were there, the expression of accustomed unhappiness upon them struck him with fear. Presently his second self came towards her; but she was not, as before, taken to her husband's embrace, and he made no response to the yearning look with which ever and anon she raised her eyes to his. In silence they walked side by side to their house.

"Who has been here, Laura?"

"No person, William."

"You are sure of that?"

"Indeed, indeed," she replied, with a heavy sigh, "there has been no person here!"

He received her assurance with a sneer.

"We men are not a match for you fair women!"

She turned from him sobbing, and William recognized that an unhappy home was here before him, darkened by doubt, gloomed by mistrust. Love did not illumine it; faith did not sanctify it.

In the evening, the wife crept humbly, beseechingly to her husband's side.

"William," she said, timidly, "is this to go on for ever?"

"It is for you to decide," he replied, morosely.

"What can I do?" she cried—"oh, what can I do?"

"Why do you still continue to doubt me?"

"Why do you give me the cause?"

"Heaven knows I do not! You have an evil spirit in your heart, and I am weak and powerless against it. By the memory of our dead child I have been true to you in deed and thought! Oh, William, our past life has been very, very mis-

erable! Let it go, and all our misery with it! Do not darken the days to come—there is no cause—indeed, indeed, there is no cause! Cast from your heart the doubts that beset you, and do not entirely wreck our future. I love you still, despite your unkindness."

"Of course," he said, bitterly; "my unkindness—throw it all upon me! Like all you women! But I am not yet quite blind. Stephen Winkworth was right; you are all false alike."

"William, William," she cried, tears of anguish in her eyes; "you have broken my heart!"

But he left her abruptly, without reply—left her to weep over the cold ashes of her love.

Thus passed the years. Thinner and paler grew the wife—more morose and haggard grew the husband, until the hour arrived when she lay upon her bed of death, her wan face looking up to his, while the angel of love and the demon of doubt still fought their battle within his soul.

"Kiss me, William," she said, slowly and painfully. "I am sorry, yet glad, to leave you. Our life has not been what I hoped it would be. How happy we were before we were married—when you were courting me in the dear, old days! How bright the future was! But all my dreams died years, long years ago. It is too late now to endeavor to bring them to life; but we shall meet again—in the Hereafter, when all doubt is cleared away. In that good time you will know me better, and will love me again, as in the olden time, will you not?"

He choked back the spasms that rose to his throat, and, in a sudden agony of remorse, knelt by the bed, and laid his hand in hers.

"Thank God!" she said, with a glad light in her voice, as she held his hand to her wasted breast, and then raised it feebly to her lips. "It is all over—life was very hard to bear without your love. I gave you all my heart, William; but you took yours from me—and it was my life—my life! When I am gone, think of me sometimes, with love in your thoughts. Look, William, look!" She rose in her bed, and pointed out of the window. "There is father's house! The snow is falling—is it Christmas, then? Beautiful shadows are moving all around. Kiss me, William, for the last, last time. Ah, my love, my love!"

With that last kiss, spiritual beauty passed into her face, and her soul winged its way to the bosom of our Heavenly Father.

"Such lives as these," said the Invisible Spirit, "are the fruits of Doubt. Behold Remorse!"

For the third time the aspect of his home changed. All now was drear and desolate. A deadly stillness reigned throughout the house, and, sitting by himself, with eyes that sought the ground, William beheld a prematurely-old, gray-headed man. Unfriendly, uncared for, he mourned in silence, surrounded by the sad evidences of a wrecked and wasted life. Brooding over what might have been—listening for what he shall never hear, for the tender voice of the woman whose heart he had broken, for the pretty prattle of children and the joyous scrambling of their little feet—searching for the home-lights which he himself extinguished, and which shall never shine again—stretching forth his trembling hands to the years that were gone, and gazing despairingly at the dead flowers which might have bloomed for him until he closed his eyes upon the world.

And, for the last time, the Spirit spoke:

"The story you have heard this night from the lips of a hard, bad man is true. But if one sin, must all be guilty? Your life is now sanctified by the pure love of a pure woman. Cast it not lightly from you. Live, and be blessed with the angel, Love! Live, and be cursed with the devil, Doubt! The choice is before you. You have received your warning."

The voice ceased, and William, starting to his feet, rubbed his eyes in amazement, and looked about him.

It was a dream, then—surely a dream, for no spirit-faces were in the twisted limbs and branches of the tree. The hedgerow beyond was very beautiful, but no beckoning shadows were there. The stars shone in the frosty heavens, and the moon threw a soft, tender light upon the snow-fields smiling in her face. The night was very lovely; all Nature was in repose. He looked towards Laura's house, and there—

For a moment his heart stood still, and then his body throbbed with maddening pulses. Stealing out from the house, he saw a female, her form throwing a long Shadow on the Snow. He could not mistake the step, the graceful turn of her neck, as she looked warily around. Another form meeting hers—the Shadow of a man upon the Snow! As the two met, William pressed forward in mad excitement. He saw the tenderest kisses pass between them—he saw them clinging to each other in fond endearment—he saw her, his Laura! lying in another man's arms, and he sank to the ground with a bitter cry!

A blight had fallen on his life.

PART II.

THE SHADOWS ON THE SNOW-RANGES.

FAR away from English homes and English firesides, our story takes us, on a dark and cheerless night, to a small canvas tent, pitched in a gully, on each side of which frowning ranges rear their lofty heads. To this small tent we come from the dear, old land, across wild and stormy seas, through gale and tempest, over tropical waters where the blood-red moon rises from a lurid ocean, past icebergs looming threateningly near, mid tracks of phosphorescent light gleaming in the darkness of the darkest night—to this small tent, wherein are centred all the elements of passion which make up the sum of human life in the great world beyond. Months fly, seasons change, and glowing aspirations fade away, and are lost for ever in the gulf of time. The drama of some men's lives is played out upon many stages; for others, a single scene upon a narrow stage suffices for the commencement and the end. A dark, cold, cheerless night. The solitudes wore their saddest aspect. The moon is in its third quarter and rises late. The wind, shrieking for freedom, tears about the snow-clad hills, and, finding no outlet, robs the surfaces of a myriad soft and graceful flakes, and, whirling them into

furiously eddies, is stripped in its turn of its stolen treasure by every sharp nook and crevice it strives to pass. The hills are here the masters of the gale, which grows more frantic in its vain endeavors to escape into the plains, where it can revel at its pleasure, with naught to oppose its supremacy. But the mountains hold it fast, and laugh to scorn its wild shrieks, knowing full well that when its strength is spent, it will die away in fitful whispers, and find its grave in the valleys below.

A dark, cold, cheerless night. With the exception of this small tent, no trace of civilization near. Here nature reigns supreme. The lofty mountains, rising range over range, shut out from the world the gully in which our scene is laid. And yet, between this sterile, savage spot, and our lovely Devon lane, there is a close and human connection. Invisible but indelible links of love connect the Old World and this that we call the New. The thoughts of one man at least, sitting in the tent with his face hidden in his hands, are traveling towards the beautiful lane in Devon, which teems with pleasant and one terribly bitter memory—to the narrow, quiet lane in the garden of England, wherein were culminated his life's happiness and his life's great sorrow.

Again the scene rises before him. Again the old, familiar faces shape themselves in the air, and visit him with loving looks and smiles. Again a tearfully happy face is resting on his breast, and loving eyes seek his. Again the fond arms are thrown around him, and a tender form is folded to his breast.

And then he wakes, and, looking up with a bitter smile, shakes off the dream in anger.

Within the tent six men are seated before a miserably scant fire. The canvas—the only roof between them and heaven—scarcely screens them from the inclemency of the storm; and strong and hardy as they are, they huddle close together for warmth, and greedily watch the dying embers before them.

The men are rough-looking fellows, with great beards and strong limbs, and a decided assertion of physical strength in every movement of their bodies. Each has a short, black pipe in his mouth, which he puffs vigorously and with a will; and all are alike attired in rough pea-jackets, mole-skin trousers, and water-tight knee-boots; their billycock hats are on the ground or on the wooden stretchers upon which they rest at night. Although they are in as desperate a condition as men well can be; although the country, for miles around, is knee-deep, and in some places man-deep, with snow; although a heavy drift without is raising barriers almost impassable; although their last handful of wood is burning on the fire, and they know they can obtain no more; although they have not three days' provisions in their tent—no craven fear disturbs them. If they have to die, they will die like men, as others have done before them.

Some three or four weeks ago they had set off on the track of a party of miners, who, it was whispered, had discovered a new gold-field. Stealing out in the dead of night, lest they themselves should be followed, they had plunged into a portion of the country which they did not hope to find other than barren, inhospitable, and incapable of sustaining human life. With the indomitable courage and apparent recklessness which form part of the gold-digger's character, they set themselves the task of tracking the men before them, and discovering the locality of their workings. No pluck in the world can beat the pluck of the gold-digger. He snaps his fingers at obstacles at which other men would shrink affrighted; he fights with the barrenness of Nature, and, conquering, opens up a country which, but for his hardihood and daring, would remain, with its treasure, for ever shut out from the knowledge of mankind. There is no pioneer so brave, so persistent, so enduring. In no age or country have the nobler qualities of man been more worthily exercised. In the Australian colonies the gold-digger is the pioneer of progress.

These men, bound together for the time by an almost brotherly tie, differed widely in character and appearance. Each might have moved, and probably did, in a different grade of life in the old country; but so small a matter as one being born a gentleman and another a common laborer was here of no account, for a gold-digger's career levels all such distinction.

Their great beards made their faces so many distinct puzzles, physiognomically; but there was that about their appearance, action and conversation which in some measure served as an index to their several characters.

One was known as Gentleman George. The nickname conveyed no satire, and none was intended when it was bestowed. Gentleman George was a gentleman of good breeding—a handsome fellow enough, with laughing blue eyes and the strength of a Hercules.

Opposite to him, squatting upon his blanket, was Cornish Tom. He had been a gold-digger for twenty years, and had mined in California, New South Wales, Victoria and New Zealand. He might have made a fortune a dozen times over, for he had had fully that number of chances. But the careless fellow had never taken the golden tide at its flood. There was no rest for the sole of Cornish Tom's foot. No sooner did he hear of "a new rush" than he caught the fever and was off to it. Many were the rich claims he had abandoned to be among the first on a new gold-field. Hundreds and thousands of miles of bush and plain had he covered on foot, in the blitheliest of spirits, to discover, more often than not, that he had been following a will-o'-the-wisp. Yet he was always hopeful, always sanguine. Free-handed, simple-minded, hard-working and restless, he was the type of a class which will be easily recognized by those who are acquainted with life on the gold-fields. The third of the party was a young man remarkable chiefly for his reticence and furious love of hard work. He hoarded his gold like a miser. The very opposite of Cornish Tom, who flung his money about with utter recklessness, Dick Driver spent never a shilling in waste; and was so consistently steady and saving, that he frequently brought upon himself the contempt of his comrades. The fourth of the party was William Fairfield.

Yes; maddened by what he had witnessed on

that fatal Christmas night, William Fairfield, with as little delay as possible, had signed away his farm to Stephen Winkworth. He wrote but a few words to Laura. They were these:

"I was outside your house last night, and saw all. I leave you with a grief at my heart, which time can never remove. May your future be happier than that I see before me. Farewell!"

And, without waiting for explanation or reply, he traveled hastily to Plymouth, and took passage in a ship about to sail for New Zealand. Commonplace reading this; but life for the most part is made up of commonplace, and ordinary events require but ordinary language to express them.

As he sat by the miserable fire on this cold and bitter night, his thoughts naturally—for death stared him in the face—again and again traveled back to his last Christmas Eve at Warleycombe. Indeed, he was for ever dwelling on the fatal time. He would lie awake, night after night, wandering through the maze of the past. Even in the midst of his work, the memory of some small incident which had given him pleasure would rise in reproach against him. At times he would wonder what she was doing at the moment of his thought; and he would set his wounds bleeding by recalling her face, so innocently beautiful, so sweet to gaze upon, so fair, so false. He encouraged these memories, though he extracted from them nothing but the most exquisite misery.

One maddening doubt continually haunted him. Had he been rash in judging Laura? No! he would indignantly reply; how was it possible he could have been mistaken? Had he not the evidence of his senses? Had not his own eyes been witness of her faithlessness? But still he wandered back to the theme, and still the doubt remained.

"Whew!" whistled Gentleman George, at the subsidence of a great blast of wind which shook the tent perilously; "I hope we shall not be blown away! We're in a pretty pickle as it is, but that would make it ten times worse. Just take a peep out of doors, Willy, and see what it looks like."

(To be continued.)

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

A New Anglican Church in Palermo.

Among the many monuments which adorn the fair city of Palermo, in Sicily (says an Italian paper), is undoubtedly the Church of the Holy Cross, recently erected at the expense of two English gentlemen (Messrs. Ingham and Whitaker), for the worship of their faith. The plans were drawn by William Bacher, who selected the transition style between Norman and Gothic, which prevailed in England in the twelfth century. The church has three naves, with the choir on the right and the sacristy on the left of the apse. The walls are in alternate blocks of Aspra and Cinis stone, the floor of hardwood, and the roof in small English tiles of various colors. There are four columns of Billanti marble, and each of these is flanked by four small columns, uniting in a white marble chapter. The columns of the apse are of various marble, the whole producing a majestic effect. Before the church is Mr. Ingham's fine garden, rich in exotic flowers, arranged thus by him to give a free view of the church.

The War Distress in Turkey.

Although for the present, at least, the active warfare in Serbia and Montenegro has been stopped, its distressing consequences are abundantly seen; and several painful scenes of this kind were presented at the Serbian army, in its retreat from Alexinatz and Deligrad to Paratjin, down the Morava Valley. The one represented in our cut shows a crowd of Serbian women pressing round the military commandant of Alexinatz, with important questions about the safety and destination of their husbands, whose position, in the disorganized and broken state of the army, could not readily be ascertained. Many hundreds have sunk by the roadside, either wounded or sick, overcome with fatigue, starvation, or exposure to the wintry cold; and large numbers have perished miserably in the snow and mud while endeavoring to reach their homes. The army has, nevertheless, been enabled to carry off, in abandoning its former positions at Deligrad and Alexinatz, the better part of its artillery, ammunition and military stores.

The New North Sea Canal.

The commerce of Amsterdam, which first rose into importance after the Spaniards had ruined Antwerp, was for a long time content to find its way to the ocean by the circuitous route of the Zuyder Zee. Gradually, however, as ships were built bigger, and as the Zuyder Zee became shallower, this route was found to be very inconvenient, and Amsterdam saw its maritime trade slipping away to its southern rival, Rotterdam. As the citizens of the Dutch metropolis did not wish to share the fate of the Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee, they bestrided themselves, and in 1819 opened the canal, which runs for fifty miles from Amsterdam to the Heider, the northernmost point of the province of North Holland. The King, William I., would have preferred the short cut to the German Ocean, depicted in our present engraving, but provincial interests prevailed, and for this great convenience the public had to wait more than half a century longer. The present canal, which was opened by the King of Holland on November 1st, was begun in March, 1865. The canal is not yet so wide throughout as it will ultimately be, and the harbor is far from complete. The harbor is to afford berths for three hundred large vessels, and will be very useful on that exposed coast, which is at present unprotected with a harbor of refuge. The net cost of the canal is more than £2,000,000; but fully half this sum will be saved by the drainage of the lakes and marshes on either side, which have been converted into fertile "polders," worth on an average £80 an acre. Excellent crops of wheat, colza and vegetables are now growing on land which two or three years ago was at the bottom of a lake. The canal was excavated by dredging, except that part where it passes through the dunes or sand-hills, there the spade was first used, and the dredger afterwards. From Schellingwoode Locks, which are to the east of the city, to the sea, it is sixteen miles long. The channel is 88 feet wide at the bed, and 207 feet at the surface. The ultimate depth will accommodate vessels drawing over 23 feet of water. There are ten collateral canals, of an aggregate equal length to that of the main canal.

Lord Mayor's Day in London.

It is not every day that an elephant can be seen in the streets of London, and it is therefore little to be wondered at that the announcement that no fewer than thirteen of these interesting pachyderms would take part in the Lord Mayor's procession this year should have tended to increase the crowd of sight-seers. Some barbers of

evil had prophesied that the innovation would lead to some dreadful catastrophe (perhaps a few hundred people trampled to death), but the animals behaved themselves in the most exemplary manner, seeming indifferent alike to the "blare of bantered trumpets" and to the shouts of the people, and kept up a constant waving of their trunks from side to side as if in salutation (or possibly in search of refreshments). They were all gorgeously caparisoned, and the larger carried howdahs, the occupants of which were "got up" with blackened faces, and white linen garments in imitation of "Indian Princes." The elephants were guided by "mahouts" disguised in a similar manner. It was a bitterly cold day, when the very sight of such a costume was enough to make one's teeth chatter, and we doubt not that the illustrious strangers were glad enough when the "show" was over, and they were once more free to depart to the south (of London) from whence they came. The route taken by the procession was longer than usual, comprising the full circuit of the city, owing to the inclusion within the course of Portoken Ward, of which the new Lord Mayor is alderman.

Accident on the Reichstrasse, in Hamburg.

On the 29th of October a singular mishap befell a portion of the Grosse Reichstrasse, in Hamburg. A weakening was discovered in some residences, and they were inspected, but five minutes after the Government inspectors had visited the place, and declared that there was no immediate danger, one of the buildings suddenly caved in. There were about twenty people living in the house, one of whom was entertaining a party at breakfast. The firemen and policemen, who were immediately at hand, removed the ruins, and succeeded in saving sixteen persons, more or less injured, while twelve were killed outright.

The New Royal Academy of Art in Munich.

In the northern part of the capital of Munich, in Bavaria, a new Academy of Art has been projected, after the plans of Dr. G. von Neureuther, one of the most eminent architects of Europe. The building will be 350 feet long and 150 feet deep. The ground-floor will contain 100 studios for artists; the first-floor will be occupied by sculptors and a gallery of statues; and the second-floor is devoted to a picture-gallery and articles of art. It is expected that the building will be ready for use in four or five years hence.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Forty-fourth Congress—Second Session.

MONDAY, December 4th.—SENATE.—Mr. Ferry, President pro tem. called the body to order at noon; Rev. Dr. Sunderland, chaplain, offered prayer. Messrs. J. B. Chaffee and H. M. Teller (Colorado), Samuel Price (West Virginia), and James E. Blaine (Maine) were sworn in as new Senators. President and House notified of readiness for business. Resolution concerning representation and abridgment of citizenship, and a joint resolution looking to a revision and amendment of the Constitution, were read, ordered printed and laid on the table. House—Samuel J. Randall, of Penn., elected Speaker, vice Kerr, deceased. Messrs. Stevens (Ga.), Warner (Conn.), Frye (Me.), Humphrey (Ind.), Carr (Ind.), and Stanton (Penn.), sworn in. Objections were raised to admission of Messrs. Buttz (S. C.) and Bedford (Col.); credentials of former referred to Committee on Elections, and of the latter to Judiciary Committee. Motion adopted for appointment of special committees to visit South Carolina, Louisiana and Florida. President and Senate notified of organization.

TUESDAY, December 5th.—SENATE.—Joint resolution on mode of electing President and Vice President. Motion to print a document on method of counting electoral vote from 1789 to 1873; Bill to establish Territory of the Black Hills; and motion to take up resolution offered yesterday ordering inquiry into Southern elections, were offered; the latter was agreed to; resolution debated and carried. President's Message received and read. House—President's Message received and read. Chair appointed special committees to visit Louisiana and Florida, and charged committee to South Carolina.

WEDNESDAY, December 6th.—SENATE.—Standing and Select Committees announced by the President pro tem. Three additional members were added to the Committee on Privileges and Elections. A resolution requesting President to inform Senate of cause for sending troops to Petersburg, Va. on election day, was modified and passed. Presidential message with report of committee that visited New Orleans was presented, and motion to print was referred to Committee on Printing. It was moved to take up joint resolution proposing Constitutional Amendment to regulate counting of electoral votes, but objection was raised that the twenty-first joint rule would not permit such action; the Chair decided that the rule was not in force, when an appeal was taken, pending discussion of which Senate adjourned. House—Morning hour occupied in considering reports from committees. Presidential message with report of New Orleans Committee read, after which the matter was laid on the table.

THURSDAY, December 7th.—SENATE.—Committee on Printing reported in favor of Printing President's Message and report of New Orleans Committee with depositions, which was agreed to. Resolution authorizing Committee on Privileges and Elections to investigate action of Governor of Oregon in appointing Presidential elector, was ordered printed and to lay on table. House—Resolution offered providing mode of counting electoral vote referred to Judiciary Committee. Protest of Colorado Legislature against refusal of House to admit member-elect from that State, received and referred to Judiciary Committee. Resolution appropriating \$21,000 for expenses of special Southern Committee, and one calling on President for information concerning removal of Sioux Indians to Indian Territory, were adopted.

FRIDAY, December 8th.—SENATE.—Resolution of inquiry into action of Governor of Oregon referred to Committee on Privileges and Elections without debate. Bill introduced last session to provide for issue of silver coin, and to make silver dollar a legal tender, was referred to Committee on Finance. Motion to increase Committee on Privileges and Elections by three members adopted, and appointments made. Motion made to take up joint resolution proposing Constitutional Amendment throwing counting of electoral votes into Supreme Court; point of order raised; Chair decided joint rules not in force; appeal taken and Chair sustained, 50 to 4; joint resolution then taken up and read, when Senate went into Executive Session. House—Bills introduced to establish Territory of the Black Hills, to appropriate "winding order" pay to naval officers affected by Secretary's order of reduction, and to amend Constitution to prevent payment of claims growing out of Rebellion. Resolution offered for appointment of joint committee to present questions to Supreme Court, touching counting of electoral vote; laid over. In Committee of the Whole, the Pension Appropriation Bill, reducing amount by \$1,000,000, was considered, and, on Committee rising, it was referred to the House and passed. Resolution calling on President to send papers concerning use of army in Southern States, given August 1st, was modified and adopted. Senate Bill for engraving portrait of the late Hon. Henry Starkweather, of Connecticut, taken up and passed.

SATURDAY, December 9th.—No session of either branch.

BOOK NOTICES.

A PLEASANT BOOK.—PAULINE'S TRIALS.—This new novel, from the graceful pen of Lydia L. D. Courtney, and published by G. W. Carleton & Co., New York, and E. Low & Co., London, has just reached us. From the brief glance we have been able to bestow on its contents, we venture to welcome it to our table as a pleasant book. The story, which is one of passion, suffering and patience, is illustrative of the old and indisputable doctrine, that love not only laughs at locksmiths, but levels all ranks and distinctions also. The plot is well conceived and admirably developed, while the tone throughout is healthy. The typographical appearance of the work is also most excellent; so that the book can scarcely fail to secure a numerous class of readers.

LION JACK, BY P. T. BARNUM.—This capital story, published by the same house, which was received with so much favor when first published in FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY, now appears as an attractive holiday volume, embellished with a number of spirited illustrations. It relates the perilous adventures of the hero and his comrades among wild men in far-off lands, while attempting the capture of wild beasts, and the youthful reader will gain from a perusal of the volume a very good idea of the way in which great menageries are collected. Mr. Barnum assures us that the story is founded on fact, and that it truthfully illustrates the risks, hardships and thrilling adventures which attend the pursuit and capture of savage beasts, birds and reptiles for the menageries and zoological gardens of the world.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—JEFFERSON DAVIS has arrived at his home in New Orleans, much improved by his trip to Europe.

—WHITE horses are now used exclusively in Paris at funerals of children or young unmarried people.

—TURKEYS and chickens are selling in the St. Paul (Minn.) markets at from seven to ten cents a pound.

—THE average salary earned by the school-teachers of Philadelphia, of whom there are 1,848, is \$533.81.

—A MIRROR, thirty-six feet high and twelve wide, will be one of the curiosities of the Paris Exhibition of 1878.

—A STENOGRAPHER has been taken into custody for short-handing a play at one of the Chicago theatres for a rival establishment.

—A SAYING prevails in Turkey that it takes two Turks to swindle a Greek, two Greeks to swindle a Jew, and two Jews to swindle an American.

—THE average speed of railroad trains from this city to the Pacific Coast is nineteen miles an hour, and the San Francisco newspapers urge that it be increased to thirty, which would shorten the journey over two days.

—QUITE an extensive business is done by Belgians smuggling tobacco across the border into France, by means of trained dogs, who are intelligent and swift-footed, and know precisely the safe routes and where to take the tobacco that is tied about them.

—THE son of an earl recently applied for his discharge at the Woolwich (England) Police Court. He had enlisted in the Royal Artillery because he had only five hundred pounds pocket money annually, but after twenty-four hours in a barrack, repented. He was discharged.

—A PET flying-squirrel in Bridgeport, Conn., caught the diphtheria from some children who were sick with it. It crawled into the bed where the children lay, and afterwards displayed every symptom of the disease. This is vouched for by a prominent physician.

—In the Department of Biscay, France, every landowner must plant two saplings for every timber-tree he cuts down. In Jay, the birth of every child is celebrated by planting a fruit-tree, which is as carefully tended as the record of the age of the child whose birth it registers.

—THE Archbishop of Canterbury recently presented himself at the entrance of the reading-room in the British Museum, but he had forgotten his tickets, and, though several directors offered to vouch for him, the Superintendent refused to ignore his instructions and let him pass.

—THEY have been having a plague of flies in Calcutta. These troublesome insects not only infested the houses, rendering comfort impossible, but were intolerable in the streets. People were obliged to use handkerchiefs and fans to keep them out of their faces, and to drive in an open carriage was like meeting a hail-storm.

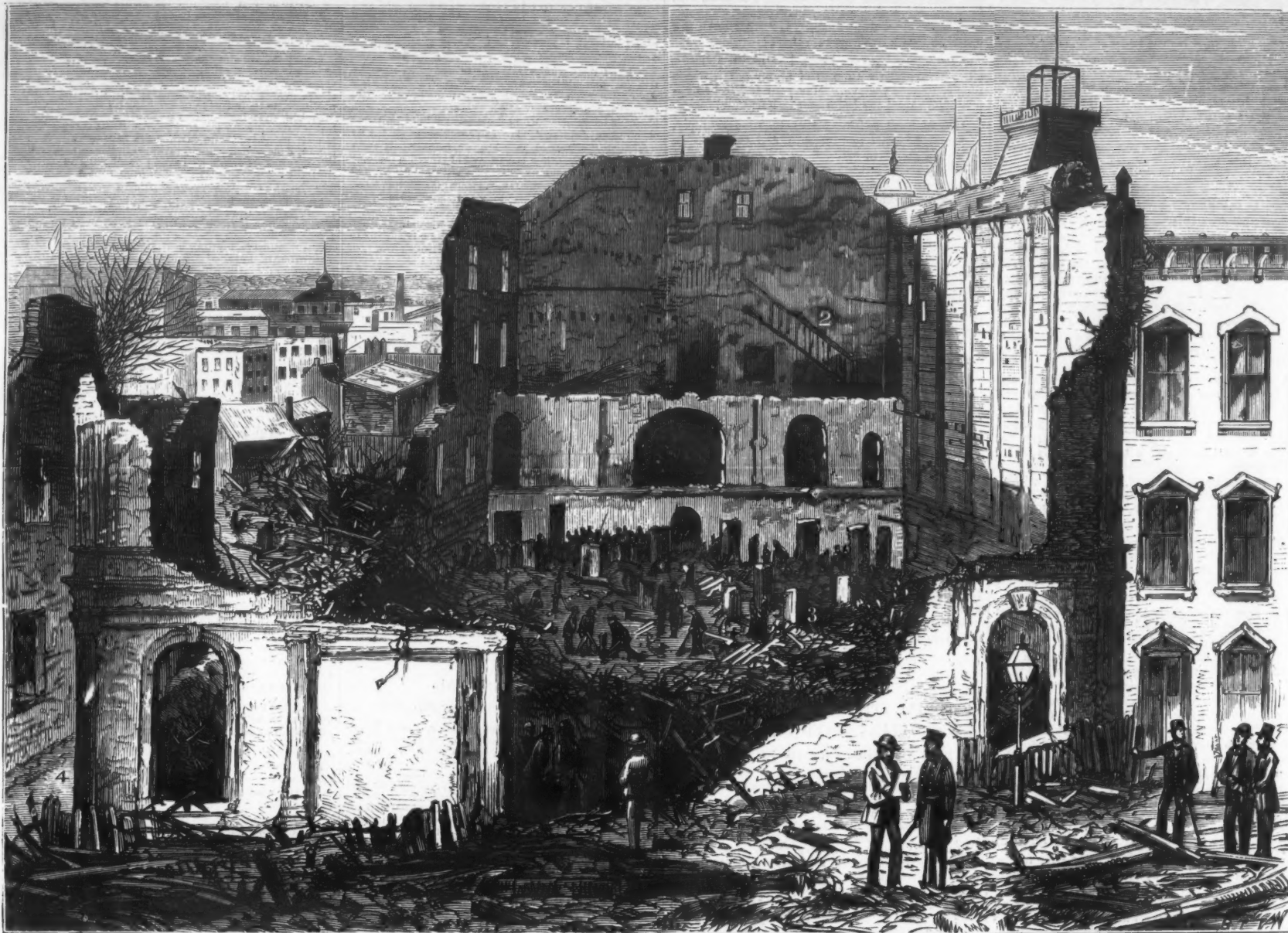
—THE proposal to submerge a portion of North Africa by means of a canal from the Gulf of Yabes, letting the water of the Mediterranean westward over the lake regions of Djerd, seems, from the facts just detailed by MM. Rudaire and Dupuis, to be not only practicable, but also likely to turn out a remunerative undertaking.

—ALL trains on the Fitchburg (Mass.) Railroad are hereafter to be furnished with flags, each half red and half blue, and each provided with a stout staff. Whenever a train is behind time at any station, it is to be the duty of a brakeman to place one of these flags in the centre of the track before the train starts. The following train is to take up this flag, and to run at a rate which will admit of a speedy stop, until informed of the arrival of the preceding train at the station beyond.

—SEVERAL years ago the wife of Alonzo Hayward, of San Francisco, obtained a divorce from her husband, and received from him a full half of his property, then amounting to many millions of dollars. Since the separation his circumstances have undergone a great change for the worse, and his divorced wife has repeatedly offered him a large part of her portion. As he persistently refuses to accept a cent of it, she has altered her tack, and courted him so warmly that their remarriage is reported as soon to take place.

—A WILL has recently been filed in the Probate Court at Dedham, Mass., which for nicety of details is most notable. The widow is to have the use of part of her house and the front garden, one stall in the barn and storage for hay over the said stall, four cords of wood yearly, the use of the kitchen stove and furniture, and one seat in a pew of a certain church in Medway, on condition of her paying one-fourth the tax on the same. Each bequest contains the proviso, "as long as she remains a widow," and finally directs her to surrender everything in case she ever marries again.

—OSTRICH farming is carried on with the best success at the Cape of Good Hope. Choice birds are worth \$350 each. They feed on grass like cattle, and require very little care. Usually they are tolerably docile, but at the breeding season they become irritable, and will often attack a person who ventures too near them. Each bird yields from 150 to 200 worth of feathers per year. Those from the female are gray, and those from the male black, except a single white plume which grows under each wing, and which is the most valuable of all.



1. The Lobby 2. The Gallery Stairs. 3. Ruins of the Auditorium. 4. Flood's Alley.

VIEW OF THE RUINS—SITE OF THE STAIRCASE, BY THE FALLING OF WHICH SO MANY LIVES WERE LOST.

A FEARFUL CALAMITY.

DESTRUCTION OF THE BROOKLYN THEATRE BY FIRE—NEARLY 300 OF THE AUDIENCE BURNED TO DEATH.

THE destruction of the Brooklyn Theatre by fire on the evening of Tuesday, December 5th, and the immense loss of life attending it, afforded the

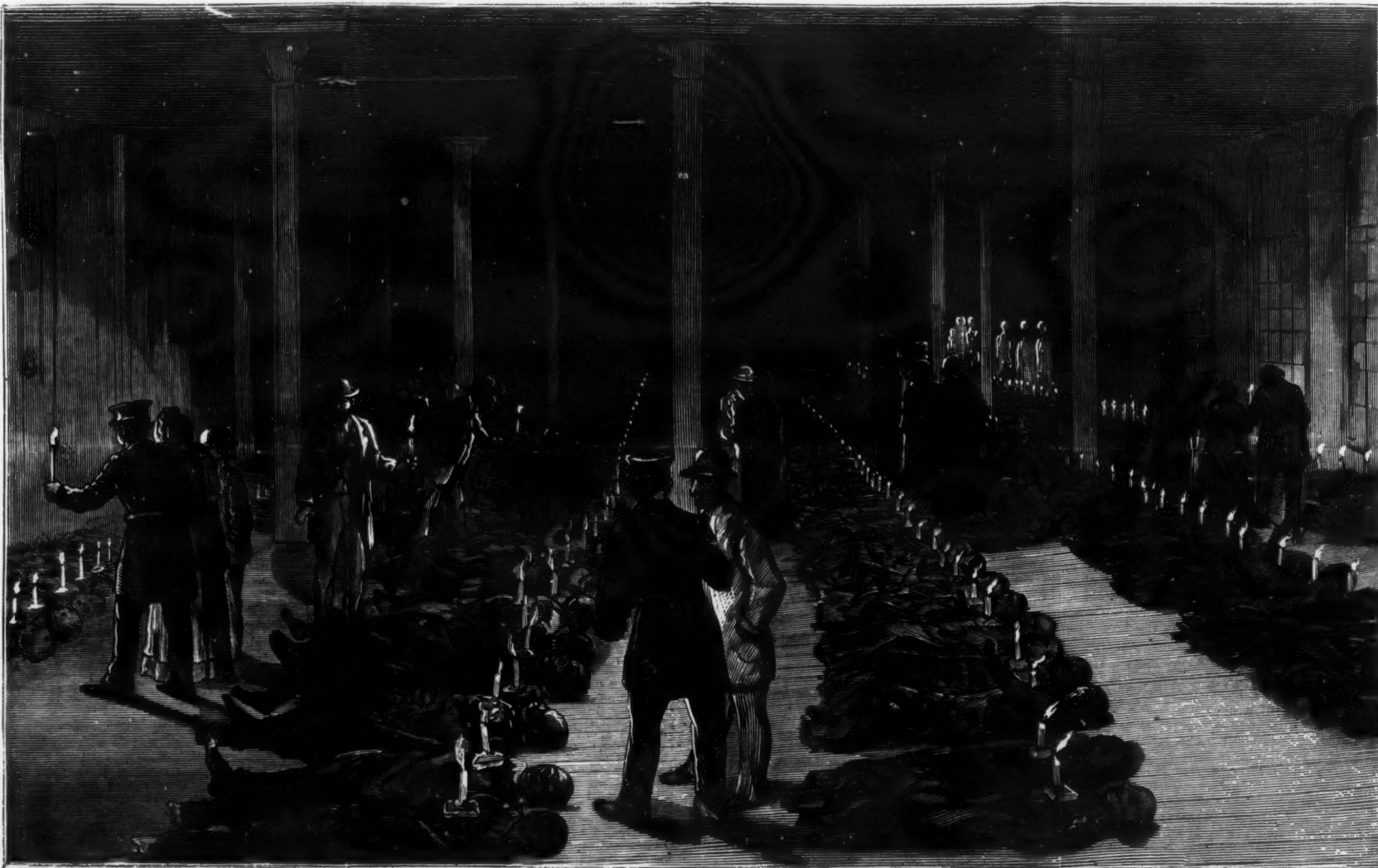
country the profoundest sensation it has known for many years. Although the papers of Wednesday gave accounts of the loss of the building, they simply reported a surmise that five or six persons had been injured. Before noon, however, intelligence spread that at least fifty lives had been lost. New York and Brooklyn were both plunged at once into a state of feverish excitement. As the day wore on, the number of the lost had so far in-

creased as to fill the country with horror. All the ferry-boats plying between the two cities were crowded with anxious persons, who hastened first to the ruins of the theatre and thence to the permanent and provisional Morgues. Questions of national importance were ignored, and expressions of agony and pity, more or less intensified, were seen on the face of every one. Throughout the week the excitement was maintained by the publi-

cation of extra editions of newspapers, giving more extended lists of the lost and missing. The horrors of the disaster were so appalling, so crushing, that the entire country was overclouded by grief almost unparalleled.

THE ILL-FATED THEATRE

was built for Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway, and was by them conducted for several seasons. Mr. and



THE VICTIMS LAID OUT FOR RECOGNITION ON THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER 6TH IN THE ADAMS STREET MARKET-HOUSE.

NEW YORK.—THE BURNING OF THE BROOKLYN THEATRE, DECEMBER 5TH—INCIDENTS OF THE DAY AFTER THE CONFLAGRATION.

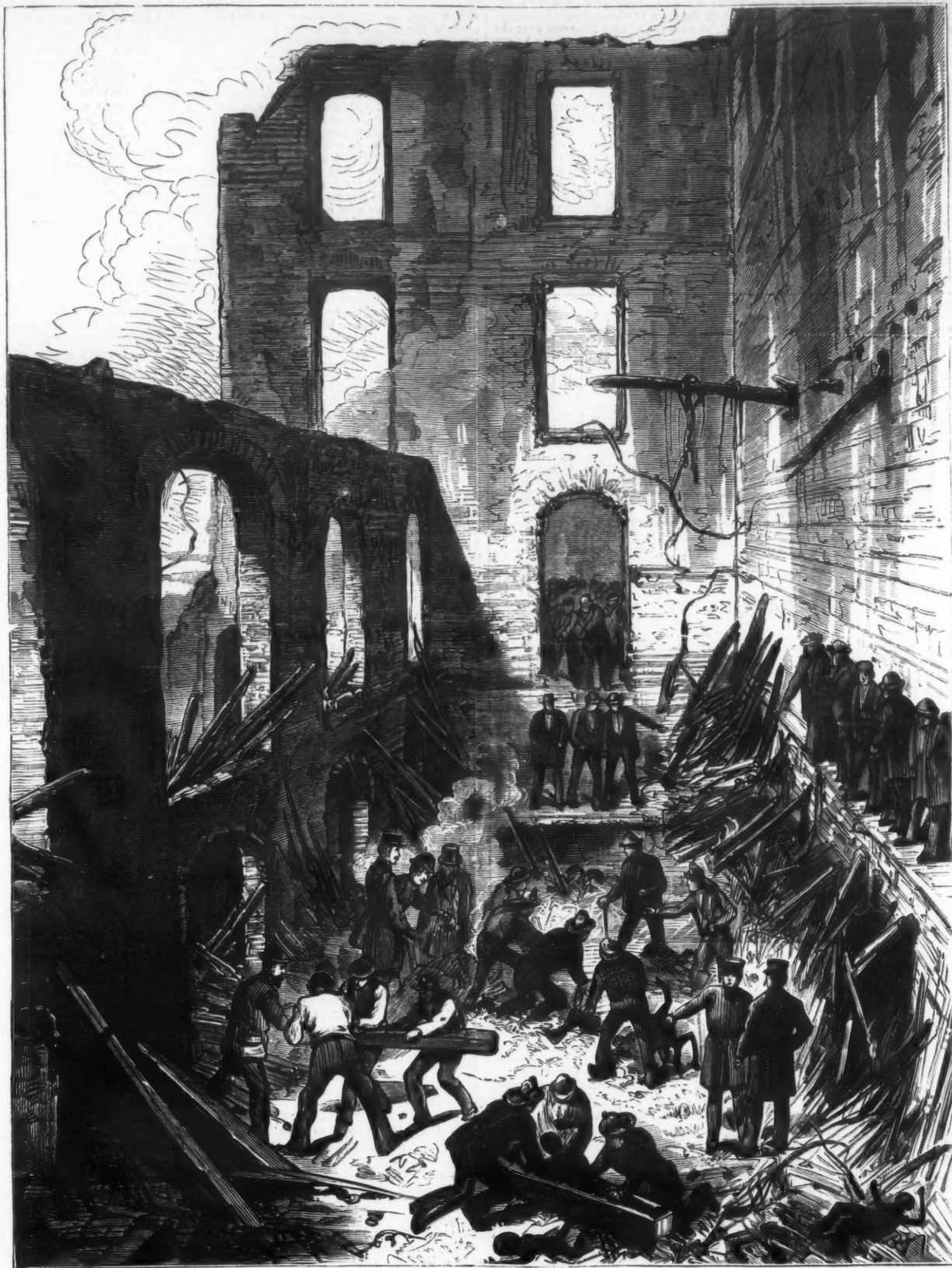
Mrs. Conway dying in rapid succession, the house fell into other hands, and of late it had been managed by Messrs. Shook and Palmer, who have presented there such artists as John Gilbert, Katharine Rogers, Auguste Dargon, Clara Morris, John E. Owens, Geo. Fawcett Rowe and Ben De Bar. The energy with which changes were effected and bright attractions put forward was beginning to make itself felt in augmented good fortune for the house.

Company, scenery, and properties of the Union Square Theatre have been drawn upon liberally to produce plays in Brooklyn in a befitting manner. Last week the play which had been so immensely successful in New York and other cities—"The Two Orphans"—was running there with all the original scenery with which it was brought out in New York. The cast included many of the actors and actresses who appeared in the play when it was first produced in New York. Charles R. Thorne, Jr., J. B. Studley, H. S. Murdoch, Claude Burroughs, H. F. Daly, and Miss Kate Claxton, Miss Maude Harrison, Miss Fanny Morant, Miss Ida Vernon, Miss Kate Gerard, and Mrs. Farren took the principal parts.

The theatre was opened on October 2d, 1871, with Bulwer's play of "Money." At the time of Mrs. Conway's death the play of the "Two Orphans" was on its stage, and the same drama was presented when the theatre was burned.

THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF FIRE

was noticed shortly after eleven o'clock. The curtain had been raised for the fifth act, the scene on the stage being what is known as a box set, that is, an arrangement of flies and other accessories to represent a room with sides and ceiling. Miss Kate Claxton, attired in the ragged raiment of the poor blind girl, and one of the "Orphans," was lying on a pallet of straw, with Pierre, Mr. Henry S. Hitchcock (stage name Murdoch) leaning over her. She heard whispers from the wings behind her—"The theatre is on fire!" She listened again, almost dazed, and then recognized Miss Clevis's voice repeating: "The theatre is on fire; look behind, for God's sake!" The information of the fire was whispered to all on the stage, but not one of the actors moved to go off. The old woman, Pierre's mother (Mrs. Farren), rushed upon



NEW YORK.—THE BURNING OF THE BROOKLYN THEATRE, DECEMBER 5TH.—THE POLICE REMOVING FROM THE LOBBY, ON DECEMBER 6TH, THE BODIES OF THE PERSONS WHO FELL WHEN THE STAIRCASE GAVE WAY.

Miss Claxton, and in the savage manner necessary to the action caught hold of her hair and pulled it. As her head went back she glanced up to the canvas ceiling of the room in which they were playing, and saw little tongues of flame licking through the canopy. Mr. Murdoch, Mr. Studley and Mrs. Farren saw them at the same time. None of the players moved until the audience perceived the flames. When the cry, "Fire!" rang through the theatre, and the audience arose en masse, they acted all together, without the slightest knowledge of one another's intentions. The four clasped hands, and stood almost at the footlights, and cried out: "We are between you and the fire; sit still; for God's sake, sit still." The people in the front rows heard the appeal, and for a moment remained quiet.

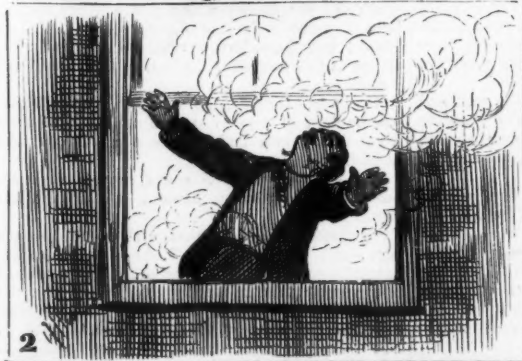
The origin of the fire is not entirely clear, but it was due, doubtless, to the flapping of a line of bordering against a border light in the flies or uppermost part of the stage-loft.

The men appeared to be more excited than the women, and one lady seized a gentleman by the hand and pulled him into a seat beside her. The musicians in the orchestra behaved courageously. The dress-circle and galleries seemed, from the stage, to be filled with raving lunatics, and the only persons who would listen to the reassuring words of the actors were a few of those in the front rows of the orchestra.

THE PANIC AT THE STAIRWAY

was caused by the tide of flying people from the auditorium meeting that rushing from the gallery, and, in the conflict between the two bodies, men fell, women fainted, children were trampled under foot, and the whole spectacle was that of a solid body with a myriad of heads struggling for its life, retarded by its own great weight.

The inertia of the two bodies which met at right angles in the lobby threw many from their feet, and it was necessary for men to fight to keep their wives from harm. Many women who fainted were picked up by the men, and held up above the centre of the crush. Clothing was torn off like paper, and furs, hats, shawls and overcoats were dropped as worthless in the struggle for life. For about seven minutes it was a sight never to be forgotten by those



1. Out of the Depths. 2. Death at the Window. 3. A Leap From the Gallery. 4. Registering the Missing. 5. Nursing the Injured.

NEW YORK.—THE BURNING OF THE BROOKLYN THEATRE, DECEMBER 5TH.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE TERRIBLE DISASTER.

who saw it. Sergeant John Cain and Sergeant Eason, by skillfully placing the men in their control at different points in the lobby, kept from the floor those who faltered or who were upset, and steadied and guided the throng into the street.

It was not long before a pyramid of flame reached towards the sky, visible for miles from Brooklyn. The roar of the fire and the crackling of the timbers drowned all cries of the scorched and dying, and the firemen worked in ignorance that several hundred men were probably burning to death within calling distance. There were plenty to rush into the main entrance in the excitement, but the gallery occupants seemed to have been forgotten. While the two bodies of spectators were struggling at the foot of the stairs to gain the street the flooring suddenly gave way, and a vast multitude were precipitated to the cellar beneath.

The flames from the interior leaped through the roof, ran along the eaves, and created a perfect shower of firebrands. When the men, women and

another was fixed whose rays shone directly into the deep pit in which the earlier search had discovered the horrible mass of charred human bodies.

A calcium-light from the alley wall shone over the ruins of the auditorium, and here the firemen began work soon after nine o'clock. In addition to the lime-light, oil-lamps with reflectors and lanterns were used. The streets were filled with a throng of excited people, who ran hither and thither, calling about the names of dear ones whose voices could not be heard in answer. Many were hatless and coatless, their garments having been torn from them by the pushing and jostling of the crowd. It is variously estimated that between fifteen and twenty thousand people viewed the ruins between the hours of ten A. M. and sunset.

The station-house adjoining the theatre was speedily filled with actresses and frightened people who escaped the fearful destruction. Men, women and children went to the sergeant's desk, and, with sobs and groans and scared faces, gave the names

stage garments being very scanty, and to secure such valuables as they could. Their dressing-rooms were on the same side of the stage, immediately in the rear of the upper right-hand box, as viewed from the auditorium, and consequently furthest from the stage-door. The dressing-rooms were arranged in tiers, approached by a narrow stairway, which led up to the painter's bridge, which spans the stage. Murdoch's room was on the second tier, and Burroughs occupied one on the third. They darted to their respective rooms, gathered up what clothes and valuables they could, and made an effort to descend together; but during the time occupied in obtaining their clothing the flames had made such headway that when they made their appearance the stairway was one sheet of flame. All chance of escape in this direction was now cut off, and the unfortunate men were compelled to beat a hasty retreat.

It is supposed that they attempted to escape from the other side of the bridge. Some time afterwards Murdoch's head and a portion of his body appeared through a window on the line of his dressing-room. The window he had raised fell on his body, and he struggled long before he could raise it again, a hoseman of an engine on the street playing on and around him until he, having raised the window again, disappeared inside. The belief was that he had fallen back for position to jump from the window; but, as he did not appear again, the assurance was that he had been overcome by heat and exertion, and was dead within. Harry S. Murdoch was a nephew of James Murdoch, the once famous actor. He was born in Zanesville, Ohio, and was, on the 19th of August last, thirty-one years of age.

Claude Burroughs was born in Philadelphia in the year 1849, being, therefore, twenty-seven years of age when he died. Mr. Burroughs made his debut on the stage in 1868, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, under the management of Mrs. John Drew. Afterwards he joined the Union Square Theatre Company in 1872, and remained with the Company up to the date of his death. He was the representative of *Picard* in the "Two Orphans" when he met his death. Mr. Burroughs was very popular in his profession, was an excellent actor in his line, and a host of friends will mourn his loss.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

Up to Saturday night the remains of 217 persons had been taken from the ruins and identified, while those of fifty-four others were too much charred to be recognized. It was thought that the total loss would amount to about 293. On Saturday afternoon the remains of 100 victims were buried in one enormous grave at Greenwood Cemetery, a vast procession of people, city officials, and State soldiers accompanying the remains. The bodies of Harry Murdoch and Claude Burroughs were laid in state at Irving Hall throughout the day, and funeral ceremonies held on Sunday at the "Little Church around the Corner." Memorial services were also held at the Academy of Music, Park Theatre, and Hooley's Opera House, in Brooklyn. Special relief associations were started in all the large cities of the country, and the leading actors and theatrical managers volunteered their services to raise money for the friends of the victims.

A Girl's Vengeance.

BY

ETTA W. PIERCE,

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF A BIRTH," "THE TANKARD OF BENEDICT," "THE BIRTHMARK," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.—CONFESSION.

THROUGH a stained-glass window, set high in the wall, the afternoon sun was slanting brightly into the picture-gallery at Hazel Hall—shining on faded canvas and tarnished frame, and polished oak floor, and over the tall, supple figure of Dolly Hazelwood, as she stood alone before her father's portrait, gazing up at its beautifully tinted outlines, with her brown eyes full of tears. All in black from head to foot she was—lustrous, crape-trimmed black. The rich coil of her ruddy hair was the only gleam of brightness about her. A sombre garb indeed it was for any one so beautiful and young as Dolly.

More than a week had passed since Cyril Hazelwood's burial. Doctor North was in London. Mrs. Hazelwood and Dolly occupied the silent, desolate house alone—doubly desolate it now seemed with the shadow of death hanging upon it.

"My father—my own dear father!" murmured Dolly, "thank God I can now look at you without shame, and think of you with nothing but love and sorrow!"

The handsome face smiled down upon her from the wall. It would hang there unchanged for generations—yes, after she herself was dust and ashes.

Her eyes wandered to another portrait close beside it—that of Guy Hazelwood, fair and debonaire, with the red-gold curls tossed carelessly off his white forehead, and one hand resting on the pointed head of a favorite hound.

Oh, the fierce pang that shot through Dolly's heart as she gazed at that face! Would she ever see him again—ever know his fate? Day after day passed, but the mystery of his disappearance remained unsolved. Dead father, false lover—there the two pictures hung, side by side; and Dolly in her sombre dress stood before them, lost in bitter, mournful thoughts.

"Is it possible that I was ever happy?" she was saying to herself. "That I ever laughed and was glad, like other people? I cannot realize it—I seem to have suffered in this way for years and years. And I am so young, so young to have had my day!"

The sunlight slipped away from the wall and vanished. Dolly did not know it. The Summer day died. She still stood before the two portraits, motionless, voiceless, with hands locked sadly together. The gallery grew dark.

Suddenly a door unclosed near her, a step crossed the black oak floor and paused by her side. "Dolly!" said a voice.

Every drop of blood in her body seemed rushing to surcharge her heart. She started, turned, and there, in that old gallery, dim with approaching night, found herself face to face with her living, breathing lover—her false, recreant lover—Guy Hazelwood!

Was it Guy or his wraith?

He stood not two yards from her, gaunt, bloodless, emaciated, almost unrecognizable, a skeleton

of a man, the very ghost of himself, changed beyond belief. Disaster was written plainly on his wasted face, and something looked out from the hollow eyes that turned the fire in her veins to ice. She could not move, she could not speak, she could only stare at him.

"Dolly!" he cried, again, but with no gladness in his voice—only sadness, sorrow, remorse. He put out his hand with a deprecating air. "Dolly, will you not speak to me?"

In her long, black, sweeping garments, she took one step towards him. Thus they met, after all those fearful weeks of separation.

"Oh, Guy!" she answered, in a heart-breaking voice, "have you come at last?"

He was still very weak, it seemed. He shook visibly as he grasped her cold hands in his own.

"At last! Merciful heaven! Dolly I dare not ask what you have thought of me—I dare not speak of the trouble I have brought upon you. Don't look upon me with such strange eyes. I have little excuse to make, few words to say, in my own defense; but I will hide nothing from you—I will tell you, without reservation, the whole wretched story."

Was she awake or dreaming? She drew herself up haughtily.

"What!" she flashed, "you desert me on our appointed marriage-day, and then say that you have little excuse for so doing? Guy Hazelwood, how dare you, with such an assertion on your lips, stand here and look in my face?"

He surveyed her with sad, miserable eyes.

"I did not desert you, Dolly—at least not willfully. I have been ill—almost unto death. On our appointed marriage-day I was lying in a London house, half-murdered, and wholly unconscious—I could not come to you. Don't think me a greater villain than I really am."

He had been ill—she could not look in his face and doubt that. Her anger vanished. She would have cast herself into his arms, but something in his look and manner restrained her.

"When did you come?" she asked, with an effort.

"About an hour ago. I have been talking below stairs with my mother. She sent me to find you here. Sit down with me, Dolly, and let me tell you as well as I can all that has happened to me."

The journey from London had taxed his strength to the utmost. Some high-backed chairs stood by the stained-glass window. He sank helplessly into the nearest one, and drew Dolly to another by his side.

Wan, haggard, and as unlike the Guy Hazelwood of old as sorrow is unlike joy, he faced her there in the mournful, dying light. Before a word had passed his lips, Dolly knew in her inmost heart that she was about to receive the death-blow to hope and happiness.

"Dolly," he did not attempt to take her hand or touch her in any way, "do you remember Sarah Johnson, my mother's seamstress, who disappeared mysteriously from this house last Christmas Eve?"

"Yes."

"That girl was my former wife, Jacquita Dobbin, also Mademoiselle Fanchon, the actress—three persons in one. She came here in disguise, and, with the help of my mother's waiting-maid, kept her secret inviolate for months—as you know. I never told you the story of my ill-fated marriage, Dolly; it was a sore subject to me always. Now listen to it. Betwixt you and me no further concealment is possible."

In a voice that broke more than once from sheer exhaustion, he went over the history of his strange wooing, his unhappy wedded life, his divorce and the return of Jacquita's ring, with the few words which he had misconstrued into tidings of her death. He told her of his fierce struggles with himself, of how her memory had pursued him about the world, and frustrated all his attempts at happiness, of the apparition at his window on Christmas Eve, of his visit to the theatre, his recognition of his wife, his pursuit of her to Bayswater, the attack in the garden, and the weeks in which he had lain in that closed and darkened villa, attended by Jacquita and her servant—held to life only by their sleepless care.

"I followed her that night," he said, "because I could not help it, Dolly. The discovery that she was not dead, but living—a famous, beautiful woman, worshipped by scores of better men than I, drove me mad. I forgot everything which I ought to have remembered. I only knew that I must speak to her face to face, if I lost my very life, if I forfeited my deathless soul, in so doing. I do not ask or expect you to forgive me; but, at least, you will not blame me for the suspense which you and my mother have suffered, Dolly. After my interview with Jacquita, when I found that you knew nothing of what had befallen me, I tried to write to you from my bed in London, but strength and heart failed me. I thought that a story like mine could best be told with my own lips. Yesterday I arose from that bed for the first time, and sent a message to Doctor North at the St. James's hotel. Fortunately, he was there to receive it. He hurried to me at once, and, attended by him, I made the journey from London to-day. He told me of Cyril Hazelwood's death—of the misery which you and my mother have suffered since my disappearance. Dolly! Dolly! how base, how unworthy I feel, as I look at you at this moment! In God's name, what shall I do?"

The words broke from him like a cry. There was no need of him to speak further. Her keen woman's instincts had fathomed all he had left unsaid.

Her eyes met his. She was as pale as death, but a strange grandeur dawned in her beautiful face.

"I need not ask if that girl—your divorced wife—still loves you, Guy," she said, in a supernaturally calm voice. "One must be devoid of understanding not to see that at once. I need not say, either, that she is a brave, daring, splendid creature. You know that even better than I. She loves you still; then I have one question to ask—do you love her?"

He set his teeth.

"Heaven forbid that I should try to deceive

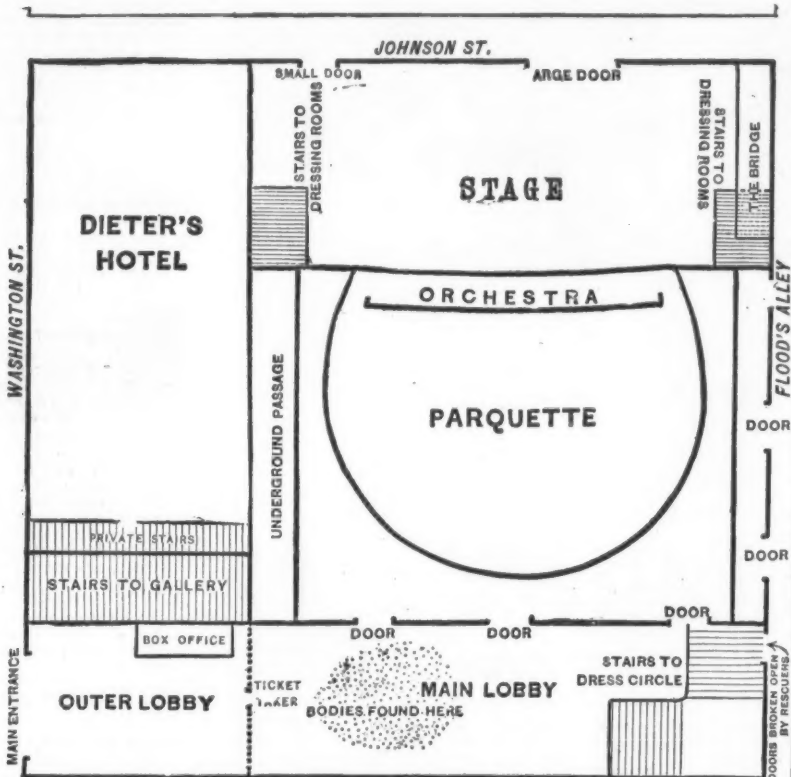


DIAGRAM OF THE BROOKLYN THEATRE.

children were plunged into the cellar, all hope of escape was cut off; the falling sparks and brands ignited the debris of wood, and the pit became a

ROARING FURNACE FED BY HUMAN BEINGS.

At about three o'clock in the morning the fire had been nearly extinguished, and the major part of the throng of sightseers had gone to their homes, ignorant of the fatal consequences of the conflagration.

At four o'clock in the morning the flames were put out, and the heap of debris was black and cold. From the vestibule platform the firemen saw a most horrible spectacle. The mound that had at first appeared to be simply a heap of ashes proved to be almost wholly composed of human bodies. Heads, arms, legs, shoulders, shoes, and here and there entire human remains protruded through the surface of the mound. Policemen and firemen hesitated for a moment before leaping down upon the sickening heap. An inclined plane of plain deal-boards was hastily constructed to reach from the frail vestibule platform to the pit, and upon this a ladder was rested. Upon the ladder the men went to and fro. Upon the plane, coffins were hauled up and down. At first the firemen lifted the bodies from the debris, after having carefully dug around them and loosened them, and ten minutes was consumed in exhuming each body. But as it became apparent that there were scores and scores of human remains, and that a day, and perhaps a night, would elapse before the last corpse was taken out, less tender means were used in the operation, and the work assumed a more earnest and energetic character. Instead of five men, ten men set at work among the ruins, while on the vestibule platform a dozen sturdy firemen mannaed the short ropes by which the coffins, laden with human remains, were drawn up and dragged to the sidewalk. All the bodies were bent into horrid shapes, assumed in the struggles of death by suffocation and by burning. Nine out of ten of the corpses had an arm upraised and bent to shield the face. Occasionally two or three men, smirched and blackened from head to foot, would come up out of the smoke bearing between them a dark, shapeless mass, which a few short hours before had been a human being, full of life and strength. A few lusty pulls disengaged each body. Two or three men seized its stiffened limbs and pressed them into a coffin, a pair of sharp-pointed tongs clutched the coffin, and the firemen overhead dragged it even with the street, where a cloth was thrown over the coffin, and it was dragged to the dead-wagons, which kept coming and going all day long.

At 3 o'clock P. M., 140 bodies had been taken out from the ruins, and the firemen, who were still working with unabated vigor, were rapidly disinterring others from the mass of charred ruins. All this time the crowds around the different approaches to the building were continually receiving fresh accessions, and the most strenuous efforts of the police were necessary to keep the people from completely blocking up the streets. The greatest number of bodies was found in the cellar immediately beyond the entrance to the large hall or corridor in the rear of the auditorium.

THE AWFUL DRAMA AT NIGHT.

In the evening the work was continued by the aid of calcium-lights. At six o'clock the men who kept tally at both entrances announced, after comparing notes, that two hundred and thirty bodies had been dug out and sent away. The main entrance, with the ghastly burdens still regularly coming out of it, was thrown into bold relief. A calcium-light up the sidewalk near the door illuminated the corridor to the point where the floor had broken, and there

and addresses of the lost. A word of consolation and hope was the only comfort that could be given them. Women sat on the floor with the cut heads of wounded and senseless men in their laps, and men were seen at every turn endeavoring to revive fainting women.

About ten o'clock Captain Smith received two baskets of books, watches, papers, scraps of clothing, and other articles taken from bodies, and each properly numbered and ticketed to correspond with the body from which it was taken. On Thursday these were exposed for identification at the station-house.

IDENTIFYING THE REMAINS.

Before three o'clock seventy-eight bodies were strewn about in the Morgue, on Willoughby and Raymond Streets, and a long line of men and women were constantly passing in and out of the building. Nearly every person had permits from the coroner's office, and the women visitors were in the majority. None of the bodies were put on the slabs. All were on the flooring. The faces were so blackened by the fire that they could not be recognized, and it was only through clothing or jewelry that any were identified. At eight o'clock, the Morgue being reported full, and four bodies having been deposited in the dead-house of the City Hospital, the bodies as found were taken to the temporary Morgue.

THE OLD ADAMS STREET MARKET.

The gas-fixtures had been removed, and candle-light had to be used. The bodies were in rows that reached the entire length of the long apartment. On the breast of each was a lighted candle held in a small block of wood. Candles were also stuck on the hooks that had once been used to hang meat on, and lanterns helped to illuminate the spacious place. At an old counter officers added to the list the names of the few who were from time to time identified.

The coming and going was constant. Outside, the street was packed so densely that the dead-wagons were impeded; yet there was nothing for the multitude to see or hear, and they could only have been kept there by the morbid desire to at least be near the horrible collection of human remnants from the fire.

Articles taken from the bodies were in a basket, enveloped and numbered, and corresponding numbers were written on slips of paper and pinned to the rags that still clung to the corpses. Men and women passed from body to body seeking friends or relatives, examining the bits of clothing, holding the candles close to the blackened faces, and looking for scars or marks that might make recognition possible.

The coroner's office, in the court-house, was thronged all day long with a crowd of anxious and excitable persons who were searching for their missing friends, and the scenes and incidents there were harrowing in the extreme. Coroner Simms's clerk was kept busy from the time of the opening of the office until a late hour in the afternoon giving permits to persons who came to inquire for their friends, and he said that, up to 5 o'clock in the afternoon, he had given out at least six hundred of these permits to visit the Morgue.

DEATH OF THE LEADING COMEDIANS.

At the moment when the fire was first discovered, Mr. Murdoch was before the curtain playing with Miss Kate Claxton. As soon as the panic occurred and a general rush was made to escape, Mr. Thorpe, the stage manager, saw Messrs. Murdoch and Burroughs rush to their respective dressing-rooms to get clothes to wear on the street, their

you now in anything, Dolly. I love her!—I have never ceased to love her since the night when she fled with me from Midland Grange!"

"Where is she now?"

"At Hastings—making ready to leave England. I have had no communication with her since she left Bayswater."

"And your mother, Guy—does she know all this? And what does she say?"

"Yes, she knows it all. She is scandalized beyond measure—more angry than I ever saw her before in my life. She never had any love for my former wife, Dolly. It was at my mother's request, and to please her, that the Hazelwood name was dragged into the Divorce Court."

Slowly Dolly drew his ring from her hand.

"Go to Hastings at once, Guy. Do not let Jacquita leave England. You belong to her, not to me. I give you up to her. You two have sinned against each other—suffered for each other—but you will yet be happy, I know. Your separation was all a mistake. You have never ceased to love her—she has never ceased to love you, therefore the divorce which pretended to free you from each other was a null and void thing—a mockery! Take your ring, Guy; give it to the only woman who ought to wear it—who has the right to wear it. No, do not speak; further words are useless."

She put the ring quietly into his hand.

"Dolly!" he groaned, "you make me feel like a villain, indeed! I am founding my future happiness upon the wreck of yours! How can you ever forgive me?"

"Hush! I blame you for nothing! I am your friend and hers always. I will go to your mother! She will listen to me. She will not shut out her heart against the woman who has twice saved your life!"

In the deepening darkness they could hardly see each other's faces—a fortunate circumstance for Dolly.

He raised her hand silently to his lips, wrung it in a sad, remorseful way, and let it fall. Then they left the picture-gallery, and at the head of the stair encountered Doctor North and Haddon, who were waiting to attend Guy to his own room. The former bowed gravely to Dolly, as she hurried by, and gave her a swift, inquiring glance, which she did not see.

She descended the stair and entered the drawing-room, where Mrs. Hazelwood was sitting alone, lost in bitter, perplexing thought. Dolly crossed the floor, and knelt at her side.

"Oh, my dear child!" groaned Mrs. Hazelwood, "has he told you all?"

"Yes," answered Dolly, meeting the other's gaze with brave, calm eyes, with the shadow of a smile even on her white face, "and our engagement is over, dear Mrs. Hazelwood. He loves her—she loves him. After so much suffering, surely they have a right to be happy. I give him up to her freely. And you—oh, my dear, good friend!—you must remember that to her you owe Guy's life! You must receive her in my place—give her the same welcome in your heart that you would have given me."

"Impossible!" cried Mrs. Hazelwood, angrily; "don't ask me Dolly! Can you imagine anything more humiliating to us all? That wild-cat with whom he could not live seven years ago—whom I hoped and thought he had quite forgotten? That actress—that daring creature, who actually had the nerve to come here and play the servant for three months that she might be near him—receive her in your place? Never! Oh, Dolly, the sorest thing about it all is the sorrow which Guy has brought upon you!"

"You must not think of me at all!" urged Dolly, wildly. "Be thankful that her faithful care has brought him back to you alive! Confess that she is a grand, noble creature! His unconquerable passion for her does him credit—oh, indeed, it does! They understand each other now—they will profit by the hard lessons they have learned! Dear Mrs. Hazelwood, for my sake, put no obstacle in the way of their happiness! Bless her for what she did here at Hazel Hall and in that villa at Bayswater; give her a mother's welcome to your heart and home!"

Mrs. Hazelwood pressed her point-lace handkerchief to her wet eyes.

"Doctor North," she cried, as that person opened the door and entered suddenly, "what do you think? This girl is actually pleading the cause of that—that other person, who has made us suffer tortures in the last few weeks—who would not relieve our suspense about Guy by even a word. She forgets, you see, how badly she has been treated."

Dolly did not once look at Doctor North. He knew all the family secrets—why should she allow his presence to disconcert her? She simply caressed Mrs. Hazelwood's hand.

"I forget nothing. She looked upon us as foes—she treated us as such. Under like circumstances I might have done the same, for I have a temper, too, you know. Oh, how weak, how ill he is still—the very shadow of himself! Dear, dear Mrs. Hazelwood, promise me that you will be content with Guy's choice—that you will go with him to Hastings, and thank his wife—for she is his wife still—both for yourself and for me, for saving Guy's life."

Doctor North moved to a table near the two, and stood there regarding both with close attention. The look which he gave Dolly was full of warm approval. She was a heroine at that moment, and Stephen North was not slow to recognize the fact.

"You have a right to ask anything of me now, Dolly," replied Mrs. Hazelwood, in a dismal, dejected voice. "I will do whatever you wish—yes, for your sake, I will go to Hastings—I will consent to an interview with that girl. Now, are you satisfied?"

"Yes," said Dolly, bravely, "for I feel sure that a bright, beautiful enchantress like Jacquita will soon reconcile you to this new turn of affairs—soon win your heart. Rest assured, you cannot resist her long."

She arose from Mrs. Hazelwood's side with a face that baffled even Stephen North. Did she, then, care so little for the loss of her old lover?

He knew, an hour or two later, as he left Guy

safely sleeping in his chamber, with Mrs. Hazelwood and Haddon hovering over him, and descended to the terrace, to take a turn in the sweet Summer night, and meditate upon the affairs of the Hazelwood race.

At the far end of the walk, in shadow and silence, he stumbled upon a figure kneeling on the earth, her face resting on the cold stone of the balustrade, her arms flung upward in an attitude of utter misery and despair. He heard a wild, shuddering sob—sacrifice is never easy to the children of men—and he knew that it was Dorothy—Dorothy, hiding there in darkness and solitude, like some hurt, wild creature, battling alone with her own rebellious heart.

Stephen North paused. Not for worlds would he have thrust his presence upon her at that moment. The beautiful, palpitating figure in its passionate abandon of grief, the bowed white face, the lovely uplifted arms, thrilled him to the heart. He grew pale—he set his teeth for a moment—then turned, and, noiseless as a shadow, departed from the spot—left her alone with the sorrow and despair upon which he dared not intrude.

(To be continued.)

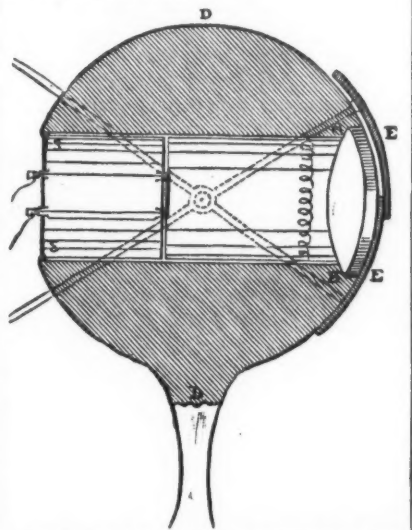
AN ARTIFICIAL EYE SENSITIVE TO LIGHT.

AMONG the curious developments of science is the recent production, by D. C. W. Siemens, of an artificial eye that is sensitive to light. We wish we could add it gives vision to the blind; but we cannot, though, perhaps, it contains a germ of promise in that direction. The eye, as described by the *Scientific American*, is composed of an ordinary glass lens, backed by an artificial retina of selenium. This mineral resembles and is allied to sulphur; it is distilled from bodies that contain sulphur in conjunction with metals, such as iron pyrites, a compound of sulphur and iron.

Mr. May, a telegraph-clerk, employed at the Valencia Station of the Atlantic Cable Line, first observed, in 1873, that the electrical resistance of selenium was instantly altered by light, the resistance being diminished by increase of light.

Dr. Siemens makes use of this peculiarity of selenium in the construction of his novel eye. An electrical circuit is arranged, of which a bit of selenium forms a part, and constitutes the retina. When a strong light is admitted into the lens and falls upon the selenium retina, the current of electricity flows, and, by acting upon small magnets, may be made to work the artificial lids of the eye, opening or closing them according to the intensity of the light. It is well-known that the vibrations of musical sounds may, by an ordinary conducting wire, be electrically transmitted and delivered to the ear. It remains to be determined whether light vibrations can, by means of selenium and electricity, be transmitted to the brain by the absence of the natural eye.

The construction of the artificial eye is shown in the annexed engraving.



A hollow sphere, suitably supported, is provided with two openings, in one of which is placed a converging lens, A, and in the other a selenium plate, S, the latter in communication with an electric current and a galvanometer. The lens being covered with two movable screens, E, E, the whole is comparable to an eye, in which the screen represents the lids, and the selenium plate the retina. Whenever the screens are removed, the galvanometer is seen to deviate, and the degree of deviation depends on the color of the light which converges upon the selenium. It is very slight if the light is blue, more if the light is red, and still more if white light be transmitted. The eye may be placed in communication with an electric magnet, which may automatically operate the screen in a manner similar to lids. "Here," says Dr. Siemens, "is an artificial eye, sensible to light and to differences in color, which gives signs of fatigue when it is submitted to the prolonged action of light, which regains its strength after resting with closed lids," and which, by an electromagnetic attachment, may be made to close itself, as does the human eye involuntarily, on the occurrence of a vivid flash.

THE CENTENNIAL SOUVENIRS.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY.

THE following extract from the Philadelphia *World* of December 3d is a specimen of a large number of similar notices which the press of this country is bestowing upon the Souvenir enterprise of this house:

As a great many Philadelphians are interested as subscribers to Frank Leslie's publications (especially his Pictorial History of the Centennial Exposition) in the present giving which took place at the home-office of that publisher yesterday, it may be well to give the destination of some of the principal souvenirs of the Exhibition purchased and now given away by Mr. Leslie.

The stylish phaeton from Manchester, England, in the Carriage Annex, costing \$500, which attracted so much attention as the first souvenir in the series of 10,000, was given to Mrs. Almera P. Pelton, of 1836 Brandywine Street. This lady is the wife of Mr. M. Pelton, a retired foundryman, and of course in comfortable circumstances. A *World* reporter stopped at the lady's residence last evening to apprise her of the good fortune, but found that the family were visiting friends in Bos-

ton, where they lived before making Philadelphia their home.

It is related, however, by one of Mrs. Pelton's relatives, as a singular coincidence, that while she never expected to profit by her subscription to *The Historical Register*, she jocosely remarked, as she was handed the receipt for the subscription money: "What is the first prize? I would like to win it."

The malachite table, in the Russian Department, costing \$350, fell to Mr. William A. Griswold, 512 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

The mosaic fur rug, composed of 2,000 pieces of the skin of fur-bearing animals in Russia, costing \$250, was given to Mr. Wm. Harris, Singer Manufacturing Company, Elizabeth, N. J.

The lady's sealskin sack, from Russia, costing \$125, was taken by Mr. A. Conklin, of Greensboro, Ga.

The curious deer-antler hat-rack was secured by Mr. E. A. Richards, Des Moines, Iowa.

The black, corded silk dress-pattern, from Spain, costing \$72, was given to Mr. E. N. Howell, of San Francisco.

The duplex compound microscope, from England, costing \$50, to Mr. E. B. Rowland, 323 Marshall Street, Philadelphia.

The coral basket, from the Hawaiian Islands, to Mr. O. J. Woodward, Indian Territory.

The alabaster cameo trays, to Mr. Wm. H. Lucas, 1634 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Malachite paper-weight, to Colonel J. H. Taggart, Philadelphia.

Exquisite cup and saucer, value \$40, to H. L. Taggart, 1810 Jefferson Street, Philadelphia.

English porcelain cup and saucer, price \$60, to H. A. Mullen, 1130 Green Street, Philadelphia.

The above are but samples, every subscriber getting one of the articles purchased for Mr. Leslie from the foreign departments of the Exhibition, so conspicuously placarded during the latter days of the Centennial with "Sold for the *Frank Leslie Souvenir*." These articles include malachites, laces, fans, antiques, jewelry, furs, mosaics, articles of vertu, bric-a-brac, etc., from Austria, Spain, Russia, Turkey, Egypt, Italy, England, France, China, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, Germany, Japan, West Indies, and all other countries. Those who are not lucky enough to receive one of the higher-priced presents will have an opportunity to "try, try again" in the second series, which is now in progress, partial schedule of the souvenirs for which will be advertised in a few days from the Philadelphia branch office, No. 921 Chestnut Street.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A Gigantic Bird from the Eocene of New Mexico.—Professor Cope exhibited recently to the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences the skeleton of a fossil bird discovered by himself during the explorations in New Mexico, conducted under the command of Lieutenant Wheeler. Its size indicates a species with feet twice the bulk of those of the ostrich. The discovery goes to prove that North America has not always been destitute of the gigantic forms of birds now chiefly found in the Southern Hemisphere.

A New Blue Dye.—M. Lauth has produced a new coloring matter containing sulphur, by the action of sulphur upon phenylene diamine at 356° F., and afterwards oxidizing the substance. The product is a violet-blue of a very delicate shade and permanent in artificial light. By substitution this dye-stuff yields a variety of other colors, especially blue, soluble in water and which sets without mordant by simple immersion in the coloring bath, a property which gives them great advantage over aniline dyes.

The New York Aquarium.—An aquarium has been established in New York, which, aside from the amusement it is destined to afford to young people, is likely to prove of great benefit to scientific persons who wish to try experiments in fish-culture, as well as to study the habits of fresh and salt-water fauna. A laboratory and library are attached for the free use of students, and the Academy of Sciences has already held one session in the building, at which interesting specimens were exhibited and a valuable paper read on evolution.

Fight between a Trout and a Water-Snake.—Mr. A. W. Chase, Assistant United States Coast Survey, describes in the *Popular Science Monthly* a fight between a trout and water-snake, in which the latter was victorious. The trout was swimming in a deep eddy when the snake made a dive for him from above, holding him fast by the head—the fish had the use of fins and tail, and tried to keep in deep water, but finally the snake succeeded in winding his tail around a root projecting above the surface, and by coiling and uncoiling was able to drag the fish on to the land, where it would soon have been all up with the fish if Mr. Chase had not gone to the rescue and killed the snake, and restored the trout to the stream, in which it darted off at great speed apparently quite unharmed.

Laboratory for Manipulation in Physics.—Professor Edward C. Pickering, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was one of the first teachers to insist upon what ought to have been accepted as a fact long ago, that physics, like chemistry, can but be taught in the laboratory by experiment and practical demonstration. In order to facilitate the establishment of this form of instruction, he has written a work on the "Elements of Physical Manipulation," the text of which is principally made up of experiments, giving a description of the instruments to be used and a plan of what is to be done. By aid of such a book, the student can prepare his own experiments, and can make the necessary apparatus to illustrate the principles of electricity, magnetism, light and heat.

Extirmination of Wolves in Russia.—The ravages of wolves in Russia have lately been so great that energetic measures are now proposed for their extermination. According to recent statistics, the devastation produced by these animals in forty-five departments of the Empire, excluding Poland and the Baltic Provinces, was 179,000 head of neat cattle, 562,900 head of sheep, etc., of the value of 7,573,000 rubles, and to this must be added the loss of poultry and dogs, also devoured by the wolves, which amounted to 1,000,000 rubles; and the loss of dogs and other property brings the tribute which Russia has to pay to her wild animals up to the enormous sum of 15,000,000 rubles (\$11,000,000 per annum), not counting the value of human lives sacrificed, which are estimated at 200 per annum. It is now proposed to abandon the rifle and to have recourse to strychnine, which can be administered through the dead bodies of animals purposely exposed in the haunts of the wolves. It is high time that something was done.

Further Discoveries in Tar.—The dirty product known as tar is the Africa of the chemist. Every one who dips into it and makes explorations is sure to find a new substance to reward him for his trouble. Those who were earliest in the field came upon paraffine, solar oil, creosote, and then followed a long line of exquisite colors; this branch of the subject being apparently exhausted, more skillful chemists discovered carbolic acid, and, subsequently, a way of manufacturing allylic acid; then followed a whole progeny of sweet odors, including artificial oil of wintergreen, all of which were made from the noisome tar; finally, a German chemist has found in the creosote of beech-wood a substance out of which he has produced, by means of chloroform and excess of soda lye, a fragrant substance closely resembling in flavor and odor the well-known vanilla bean. The new product is called vanilline, and it is already extensively used as a substitute for the native vanilla for all purposes where the bean was formerly employed.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MAYOR DOYLE, of Providence, R. I., will shortly begin his eleventh term.

SENATOR CONOVER, of Florida, is only thirty-six. He was born in New Jersey, and served as assistant-surgeon during the war.

RICHARD WAGNER was at last accounts in Rome, where he intended to remain a month, and then proceed to Bologna to superintend the production of "Rienzi."

HENRY PHILLIPS, the well-known English vocalist, died two weeks ago at London, aged seventy-seven. He was the original singer in Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and "St. Paul."

MR. GEORGE W. BURNHAM, who gave to New York the splendid statue of Daniel Webster, has expended over \$30,000 in the adornments of Central Park for the benefit of the public.

CHANCELLOR HAVEN, of Syracuse University has been appointed Fraternal Delegate from the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church to the British Wesleyan Conference.

COLONEL JON, Chief of the Washoe Indians at Nevada, is pleased with the Plutes' farming scheme, and is endeavoring to secure a tract of land from the Government on which his tribe may learn husbandry.

THE clay model of the statue of Juarez, which has been ordered from Mr. Gagliardi, of San Francisco, by the Mexican Government, has just been completed. The statue is to be cast in bronze and placed in Mazatlan.

MRS. CHRISTOPHERSON, wife of the Norwegian Commissioner, whose marriage at Judges' Hall last July formed one of the most pleasing incidents of the Centennial season, is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE conducted the Thanksgiving services at the Unitarian Church in Newport, R. I. Her text was taken from the story of the Pharisee who thanked God that he was not as other men were.

MRS. "H. H." JACKSON dresses her home after the fashion of Mrs. Mercy Philbrick. The corners of her Colorado Springs parlor are filled with gorgeous Chinese fans, and she has supplied the place of folding-doors by Indian blankets bright with yellow, purple, red, blue, and green.

WALT WHITMAN does not believe in cremation. He said the other day that "it makes a fellow tremble to think of the iron-hearted progress of the age. When the life has gone out of the body I rather respect the old shell for all it has been, as well as for all it has contained."

SENATOR-ELECT JOHN T. MORGAN, who will succeed Senator Goldthwaite, of Alabama, is about fifty years of age, and a lawyer and orator of high rank. He was an elector on the Breckinridge ticket in 1860, and served with distinction in the Confederate service, rising to the rank of major-general.

MRS. BARNY WILLIAMS has ordered a costly monument to be erected over the remains of her husband, in Greenwood Cemetery. A marble bust of the comedian will be placed in a niche in the front of the obelisk, and underneath will be a harp with strings snapped. A simple inscription will be cut on the base of the column.

THE daughter-in-law of General Jackson has been forced by her financial needs to part with valuable mementoes which were collected by her while she lived at the White House. She is now living at the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tenn. She married the general's adopted son, and was the constant companion and friend of the President.

GOVERNOR JEWELL's daughter is a very charitable young person. She has \$2,500 a year for pin-money, and during her last Winter at Washington spent nearly all her money in supporting several poor families, whom she daily visited in person, and for whose wants she cared. She also organized a Dorcas society, whose generous fingers made many garments for the poor.

MR. FRANCIS BERGER, Commissioner of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg at the Exhibition, in accordance with instructions from his Government, is about to undertake a journey through the United States with a view of examining into the condition of Luxembourg emigrants, and recommending the appointment of consuls at those points where settlers from the Grand Duchy are most numerous.

JAMES HEAP, a tough old schoolmaster of Masham, Yorkshire, has just died at the age of eighty-four. He taught school at Colchester from December, 1822, to January, 1867, or for 2,292 consecutive weeks, never missing a day, and the distance each way being four miles, traversing 110,104 miles, or nearly five times around the world. One-third of each year he taught a Sunday-school at a place equally distant, bringing up his pedestrian accomplishments to 115,816 miles. Six months more would have made the distance he traversed to half that between the earth and the moon.

THE late Speaker Kerr has left one Democrat, staunch and doughty, to represent him in his son, Mr. Samuel Kerr, a young man of remarkably fine promise, who has been lately admitted to the Bar in Indiana, and is practicing law with a former partner of his father's. To these duties he adds another one, much more onerous. His library, he says, is a circulating library for the whole town. The neighbors come to borrow the books, but he has to send for them, and now regularly keeps a book to note the borrower's name, and, once a month, a circuit of the town is made to collect the volumes again.

THE new French Senator, Count Mérode, belongs to one of the oldest and noblest of French families, tracing his descent from Raymond Berenger, King of Arragon, whose son married in 1174 the daughter of Baron de Roda. He is Count de Mérode, Baron of Petersheim, Count d'Oelen, Marquis of Trélon and Westerlo, Prince of Rubempré, a Grande of Spain, and a Count of the Holy Empire. The family is allied with the houses of Nassau, Salm, Hohenloern and Savoy, the Princesses della Cisterna, mother of the Duchess of Aosta, having been a De Mérode. The motto of the family is good, "Honor before honors."

ONE of the most realistic fictions ever written was Edward E. Hale's "A Man without a Country," in which the remorse of a man who repudiated his native land is portrayed in thrilling style. The writer inadvertently used for his hero's title the name of "Philip Nolan," who turns out to have been a real person, a Kentuckian and an extensive participator in the romantic occurrences which at the beginning of this century attended the annexation of Louisiana to the United States. Mr. Hale has just issued a novel through the house of Scribner, Armstrong & Co., entitled "Philip Nolan's Friends," in which the real story of the real hero is related with many interesting accompaniments, and in which it shows that Philip Nolan not only did have a country, but he loved it dearly and was ready to lay down his life to advance its interests.



SOUTH CAROLINA.—THE DUAL LEGISLATURE.—REPRESENTATIVE HAMILTON, OF BEAUFORT, WEeping OVER THE CORRUPTION OF HIS PARTY.—SKETCHED BY HARRY OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 251.

CREMATION OF THE REMAINS OF THE LATE BARON DE PALM.

THE body of the late Joseph Henry Louis Charles, Baron de Palm, was burned in the cremation establishment of Dr. Le Moyne, at Washington, Pa., on Wednesday, December 6th, in accordance with the frequently expressed wish of the deceased while alive. Our readers will be able to comprehend the process by referring to the illustrations of the furnace,

Knight of St. John 'at Malta, Prince of the Roman Empire, late Chamberlain to His Majesty the King of Bavaria, Fellow of the Theosophical Society of New York, etc.

The remains reached Washington on the 5th, escorted by a delegation of gentlemen from New York. Dr. Le Moyne, an aged physician, who built the cremation establishment, invited a company of medical and scientific men to inspect the process. The crematory furnace is constructed on the Martin Siemens principle, and consists of a brick and fire-brick structure,



THE LATE BARON DE PALM.

retort and reception-rooms, published a few weeks ago.

The subject of this ceremony died in New York City, on the 20th of May last, and after the body had been embalmed it was taken to the Masonic Temple, where special services were held over it, under the auspices of the Theosophical Society. Baron de Palm was sixty-seven years old at the time of his death, and documents are in existence proving him to have been Grand Cross Commander of the Sovereign Order of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem,

10 feet long, 6 feet wide, and 6 feet high, including a fire-clay retort of semi-cylindrical shape, 7 feet long, 24 inches wide, and 20 inches high, into which the body to be cremated is thrust after the retort is properly heated by the fire below. An escape-flue carries off the carbon gases, and also the gases generated from the body during cremation, into a chimney. The furnace-heat can be raised by means of a small hand-worked fan-blast.

Fire was kindled early on Tuesday morning, and at seven o'clock on Wednesday morning



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE CREMATION, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE NEW YORK THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, OF THE BODY OF THE LATE BARON DE PALM, AT WASHINGTON, PA., DECEMBER 6TH. FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

the furnace was declared ready for use. Towards eight o'clock the invited guests began to arrive, and were quickly admitted into the reception-room, where the body of the baron lay in its iron cradle. Among the visitors were Dr. Le Moine, the proprietor of the crematory; Mr. John A. Wills, his son-in-law; Colonel Olcott and William Henry Newton, the two executors having charge of the remains; Dr. Folsom, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Health; Dr. Asdale, Secretary of the Pittsburgh Board of Health; Dr. Otterson, President of the Brooklyn Board of Health; Dr. Hupp, of Wheeling, Va.; Dr. Clemmen, of Brownsville; Mr. V. Harding, of Washington; Mr. N. K. Wade, of Columbus, O.; Mr. M. D. Evans, of Philadelphia; Dr. King, of Pittsburgh; Dr. McCord, of Pittsburgh; Dr. Beard, of Wheeling, Va.; Dr. Ulrich, of Wheeling; Rev. G. B. Hayes, of Washington; Dr. Johnson, of Pittsburgh, and a large delegation of newspaper correspondents from all parts, even from England, France and Germany.

The body of the baron had suffered no change. Colonel Olcott placed about it a quantity of embalming spices—myrrh, frankincense, cassia, cloves, and other odorous drugs; he then saturated the winding-sheet with a solution of alum.

After the arrival of Dr. Le Moine, the body was strewn with palms, immortelles, and pale winter flowers, and everything was then ready for the cremation. The iron shutter of the furnace having been removed, and a second (cold) shutter having been duly prepared with clay, the body was borne into the crematory-room by Colonel Olcott, Henry S. Newton, Dr. F. Julius, Dr. Le Moine, and Dr. Asdale, of the Pittsburgh Board. As the body was lifted into the intensely heated retort, the hair and the palms strewn about the head took fire instantly, and formed a crown of roaring flames around the head. In a moment the shutter was clapped over the orifice and the bars tightly secured. The cremation began at precisely 8:30, Pittsburgh time. After a few minutes the fireman opened the valve. The winding-sheet, though already carbonized, retained its form and fold around the body, owing to the alum. The palm boughs also stood up as naturally as though they were living portions of a tree.

A remarkable muscular action of the corpse, almost amounting to a phenomenon, occurred. The left hand, which had been lying by the side of the body, was gradually raised, and three of the fingers pointed upwards. Although a little startling at the moment, this action was, of course, the mere result of intense burning heat producing



THE STATE CAPITOL OCCUPIED BY UNITED STATES TROOPS.

muscular contraction. At 9:25 o'clock Dr. Otterson tested the draft in the retort by placing a piece of tissue-paper over the peep-hole, some one having suggested that there was not a sufficient amount of oxygen in the retort to produce the necessary combustion. It was found that the draft was ample. At this time the left hand began to fall back slowly into its normal position, while a luminous rose-colored light surrounded the remains, and a light, aromatic odor found its way through the vent-hole of the furnace. An hour later the body presented the appearance of absolute incandescence. It looked red-hot. This was the result of the extra firing, the heat of the furnace now being far more unpleasant than it was before, with the mouth of the retort wide open.

At 11:12 o'clock Dr. Folsom, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Health, made a careful examination, so far as possible, of the retort and its contents. His announcement that "incineration is complete beyond all question," was received with universal gratification.

It was decided, however, to keep up the heat of the furnace for an hour longer, so as to be absolutely certain of success, in what was, more or less, an experimental case, and thus to give the furnace the full force of the four hours originally allotted for cremation.

The ashes were collected, placed in Colonel Olcott's ancient Hindoo burial-urn, and brought to New York.

The citizens of Washington and adjoining townships met in the Town Hall in the afternoon and listened to addresses on the subject of cremation. Colonel Olcott gave an elaborate historical summary, and brief speeches were made by Dr. James King, of Pittsburgh, President Hayes, of the Washington and Jefferson College, Dr. Le Moine, and others.

A "MIRACLE PLAY" IN ENGLAND.

SOME excitement has been occasioned in South Wales by the production at the Baptist Chapel, Briton Ferry, of what may fairly termed a dramatic performance, entitled "Joseph and his Brethren." The *Western Mail*, having obtained a printed copy of the work, publishes extracts from it, showing a regular dialogue for several persons, stage directions, and the familiar "enter" and "exit" used precisely as in the acting editions of theatrical literature. The author of "Joseph and his Brethren" remarks in a prefatory note: "The difficulty and objection to presenting or performing such a Sunday-school dialogue as 'Joseph



THE DEAD-LOCK IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES—THE DUAL LEGISLATURE—TWO SPEAKERS PRESIDING.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—THE NOVEMBER ELECTION—SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE LEGISLATURE AT COLUMBIA.—FROM SKETCHES BY HARRY OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 261.

and his Brethren' is its great length. To avoid this objection and prevent tediousness, the dialogue has been arranged in six parts, in order that singing, recitations, etc., on the general programme, may be introduced between the parts. The effect will be very fine."

There is also a caution that the recitations are "to be performed without change of apparel or costume," qualified by the statement, however, that "Joseph may be designated by a coat of many colors." A correspondent of the *Western Mail* thus describes some of the observations of the Sunday audience in the chapel: "A grown-up woman, packed in the crowd, exclaimed, in one breath, 'Don't shove there—and where's his coat of many colors?' A youngster close by, after the sentence was passed on the baker to be hanged, called out to those near him, 'Look there, how quiet that chap is taking it, what's going to be hanged.'"

FUN.

"Which side of the street do you live Mr. John Kippie?" asked a counsel, cross-examining a witness. "On either side, sir. If you go one way it's on the right side; if you go the other way, it's on the left."

This is the form of the "regrets" now in order: "Miss Jones's compliments, and regrets that malaria contracted while visiting the Centennial will deprive her of the pleasure of accepting Mrs. Smith's kind invitation for Thursday."

AN Arkansas man thoughtlessly set some spring guns in his poultry-yard, and the next morning in the rising sun he rubbed his spectacles and stared in speechless amazement at eighteen candidates for governor, sitting on the front fence, picking bird-shot out of their thirty-six legs.

A FRENCH lady announces her intention of visiting a circus. Her maid, with deep solicitude, says: "If I were madame I would not go." "And why not, Josephine?" "I cause, they say there's to be a horse there which will stop in front of the biggest fool in the audience, and you know he might happen to stop before madame."

INQUIRING Turk to an English engineer on a railroad just built: "Why, Tchellaby (excellency), is it not a fact that in England you trap a strong young devil and shut him up in that great fire-box on wheels, where you induce him to turn a crank connected with the wheels and pay him for doing so by giving him cold water to allay his tortures?"

A RENOWNED clergyman lately preached rather a long sermon from the text, "Thou art weighed as the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped in his sermon and said, "That's right, gentlemen; as fast as you are weighed pass out."

Asthma.—Thousands of the worst cases of Asthma have been relieved by using JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY. In no cases of purely asthmatic character has it failed to give relief.

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Amateur Wood Workers.—As the season is approaching for Christmas presents we remind the amateur wood workers who are now busy on pleasant surprises of their artistic skill, that they will find an extensive assortment of rare and beautiful woods planned, ready for use, at the well-known house of Geo. W. Read & Co., 186 to 200 Lewis Street, whose advertisement they will find in another column. This firm were the pioneers in this now important item of business, and continue to be as they started, in the front rank in their line. Everything in the way of rare woods, together with fine books of elegant designs, can be found in their establishment.

Useful Presents.—Among the many articles that are offered during the holidays for gifts, there is nothing so useful, practical, and beautiful as the Official Printing Press. For business men doing their own printing and advertising, or for the amusement and instruction of the young, it is unrivaled. The superior printing which it executes with ease and rapidity, makes it a constant source of profit to its possessor. At the Centennial Exhibition the Official Presses attracted general attention and commendation, and many were sold to be taken abroad as specimens of American taste and ingenuity. Golding & Co., of Boston, the manufacturers, received the highest award for small job printing presses, of which they make eighteen different patterns, and furnish outfits from \$1 up.

Take off those Striped Stockings! Such is the warning cry we hear frequently in the newspapers, and, reading, we ascertain that the aniline dyes employed in the manufacture of rainbow hosiery frequently contain poison. The sale of brassy and poisonous jewelry has increased enormously of late. The reason is a logical one. A financial panic has been followed by a period of business depression, which has not been improved by the unsettled condition of the political situation. People want jewelry, but cannot afford to pay big prices. To their rescue come the manufacturers of glittering bits of fraud, which please the pocket and dazzle the eye—which generate dirt, poison and disease, and have no value whatever. Among those clinging to the old-fashioned idea that good jewelry can only be made from good gold is F. J. NASH, 781 Broadway, up-stairs, opposite Stewart's, who, in addition to real bargains in the finest work in all gold and all gold and stones, has many articles of solid gold made by machinery, with little cost for the labor, which are afforded at, or nearly at, the price of the poisonous brass trash always retailed at a profit of 400 or 500 per cent.

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